

Maclean's

THE
SIEGE OF
HAITI



KIDS WHO KILL

**SPECIAL
REPORT:**

Why three
young Canadians
committed
murder





PC leader Jacques Parizeau with wife Lorette Lapointe: self-government

LETTERS

Sovereignty appeal

I have noticed that your columnist Peter C. Newman is a strong opponent of the Quebec sovereigntists. I have no objection to his position, but his economic arguments that an independent Quebec would be tantamount to a location for corporations ("Why business will flee a separate Quebec," *The Nation's Business*, Aug. 1) are simply silly. Corporations will stay, or leave, or come to a sovereign Quebec purely on grounds of international competitiveness, such as low tax rates and low costs of doing business. With respect to currency, Quebec can have a dollar that is as strong or weak as it wants, which could be tied to the U.S. dollar, to the Canadian dollar, to gold or to no reference point at all. These options may indeed be part of the attractions that sovereignty has for the Parti Québécois. The capacity to change things for the better is surely at the heart of any cry for self-government.

N. P. Enns,
Nanaimo, Victoria, Australia

Career choices?

Your article ("Canadian critics," *Cover*, July 25) notes that a privileged medical and medical "in moving to Montana to work at a community that offered her \$250,000 and will require her to work only one night a week." It is important to remind Canadians—and that medical graduates—that, unlike universities in the United States,

higher education in Canada is available to more would-be medical graduates because universities are subsidized by the taxpayer public. In my long career as a nurse, I have been privileged to work with many caring, hardworking physicians in Canada who, I believe, did not choose their career because of a possible high-income salary. Perhaps the medical student in your article has confined a career in economics with one to medicine.

Jean Wheeler,
Durham, Ont.

I fear that you have perpetuated one small, although widespread and significant, misconception. In referring to a newly graduated physician earning \$250,000, I assumed that you mean that she will *ask* \$250,000. Taking into account office expenses, pension plan contributions, liability insurance, the lack of benefits, unpaid vacations and holidays, and so forth, her real salary may not even reach \$200,000. These days, most of the so-called rich doctors are practicing high-risk specialties for 70 to 90 hours a week. The hourly wage works out to about that of many highly skilled unskilled workers. It is indeed fortunate that the country has enough physicians with the education necessary to continue to practise a profession which, although in many ways personally rewarding, is stressful, with irregular hours and a zero tolerance for error.

Dr. Charles T. Lee,
Burlington, Ont.

You raised a significant issue that is truly affecting a fundamental change in health care—a change in philosophy and direction imposed by politicians from coast to coast. This shift allows bureaucrats, committees and councils run by interest groups to mislead resources, decrease health-care services

and make crucial decisions in present and future patient care. As a result, the doctor has become merely a provider of services. His resources, time, tools and crucial decision-making are governed by others, namely, administrators and planners who are in the academic and medical personnel, beds and resources are on the decline. The delayering has led to that patients must believe that this is for the best—until they become too ill to consider the impact of this change on medical decision-making by the doctor.

Dr. Desmond Alvin,
Oshawa

Your cover story points up the urgent need for preventive health-care education. It is too late to reduce costs once the illness or disease is full-blown. The medical establishment, mired in its concept and practice, with its gold-plated, needs some humility, with its supporting alternative, holistic practices, good nutrition, healing touch and spiritual emphasis, as well as cultural sensitivity so visible and non-visible minorities feel comfortable across the system. There is a wealth of common sense out there—it is unexplored and not dependent on extremely expensive technology.

Lynda Street,
Prince George, B.C.

On behalf of Izzy

Your article "On deadly duty" (*World*, July 1) concerning the death of Cpl. Mark (Izzy) Irlin while on a Canadian mine-clearing team in Croatia was the only one I read about the incident that was correct in every way. The story was great, and your correspondent owes a pat on the back. It was there when Izzy was killed. What I'm trying to say is thank you. I know that Izzy would have done it for us, so I'm doing it for him.

Sapper Stacy Menzies,
GRB Belleville, Ont.

Make them pay

Forgive my ignorance, but what is wrong with the costs of airports being borne mainly by their users rather than by taxpayers ("Hard landing," *Canada*, July 25)? It is the responsibility of governments doing everything for all of us that is driving us to economic chaos. Please don't blink, Transport Minister (Doug Young).

Greg Strick,
Coburn, Alta.

Without a national medical policy, but letters may be sent to the press and about. Please specify your address and daytime telephone number. Write: Letters to the Editor, *Maclean's* magazine, 177 Bay St., Toronto, Ont. M5H 1A7. Or fax: (416) 593-7778.

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669 years - \$8028.00; 670 years - \$8040.00; 671 years - \$8052.00; 672 years - \$8064.00; 673 years - \$8076.00; 674 years - \$8088.00; 675 years - \$8100.00; 676 years - \$8112.00; 677 years - \$8124.00; 678 years - \$8136.00; 679 years - \$8148.00; 680 years - \$8160.00; 681 years - \$8172.00; 682 years - \$8184.00; 683 years - \$8196.00; 684 years - \$8208.00; 685 years - \$8220.00; 686 years - \$8232.00; 687 years - \$8244.00; 688 years - \$8256.00; 689 years - \$8268.00; 690 years - \$8280.00; 691 years - \$8292.0

OPENING NOTES



Air Canada check-in counter at Toronto airport; stress levels

RESERVATIONS, PLEASE

At Canada's new reservation system is still being to clear flights at airports across the country. For weeks after the slow and cumbersome system, RSPB, was introduced in early April to improve the airline's accounting and scheduling efficiency, Air Canada was plagued with long delays in telephone reservations calls and at airport check-ins. Airline customers have been patient, however—and have taken it out on Air Canada employees, who are already under stress from using the complex new system. Anxiety has been so intense, says a union spokesman who asked not to be identified because he is an Air Canada employee, that several check-in agents have suffered severe stress-related illnesses. He added that in April, employees at

Toronto's Pearson International Airport were using an 80-page manual to monitor their blood pressure. On May 31, Hollis Harris, Air Canada's chairman, president, and chief executive officer, wrote an apologetic letter to employees, acknowledging the many of the problems with the system that he hoped would be refrains from taking out their frustrations on passengers. Write Harris: "Our customers are not responsible for the introduction of RSPB. Air Canada's main argument is."

As employees become more accustomed to the new system, problems are decreasing. In addition, Air Canada has hired and trained 200 new reservation and airport agents to improve service. Air Canada representative says Roberts not only says that key measures of the airline's operating efficiency, such as average speed of oil as well as, are now returning to normal. "The situation has very improved," Robertson added. But, since glitches persist, largely because the new system requires more time in previous cost books. Last week at the Toronto airport, for instance, passengers clanking in for a flight to London grew restless as they waited in line for an unreasonably long time. As the passengers grew grumpy, an Air Canada supervisor had to call an RCMP officer to quell the uproar. New glitches, line at check-in again.



Bonds: a decisive approach

SHADES OF GREEN

In the high-velocity world of professional basketball, money has increasingly become a way of keeping score. As the money game plays out, day 12 after double overtime, Macklin's offer to his family member on the press conference, that is, not artificial turf.

Average salary of Canadian basketball players: \$1.6 million

Average salary of Canadian gas station attendants: \$23,000

Wages, based on 167 three-hour reg. a season, percents, for a player earning the minimum salary of \$240,250 (demanded by the basketball players union) \$500 per hour

Minimum wage in Newfoundland: \$4.25 per hour

Annual Canada's top-paid executive, Toronto broker Lawrence Bloomberg, earned per day in 1993: \$16,300

Average San Francisco Giant outfielder Barry Bonds earned per day in 1993: \$91,068

Average amount that a Canadian nurse earns per day: \$164

Average per day that New York Mets outfielder Bobby Bonds stands to lose if there is a strike: \$40,295

1993 salary of Los Angeles Dodgers outfielder Dave Stenhouse, who hit 140 RBIs: \$5.1 million

Total charitable donations to Save the Children Fund Canada: \$3.4 million

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

"Ever since there were fishermen in Newfoundland, they have been crucified," Newfoundland premier Joey Smallwood said in 1954. Last week, Newfoundland lost to three fishermen—George Bush, Jean Charest and Uman Mahoney—who lead evidence to those words at least in the political sense. For the second year in a row, the former president chose to fish for salmon on Labrador's Atlantic coast as a guest of Newfoundland businessman Craig Dobbs. He was away for two days by the Conservative leader, who caught a five-pounder, while Bush returned empty-handed. Bush may have fared better fishing with Mahoney, who showed up the day after Charest left. Before his arrival, Bush complained to Charest that "Brian can only stay one day because he's got some management somewhere else." In fact, the expense minister was invited to Charest's home in the Eastern Townships—for dinner. Perhaps they had fish.

OUR TORTURED HISTORY



Many contestants at the 33 Commonwealth Games in Victoria later this month will be decided by split seconds. But there is less precision in a two-page description of Canada's history in a glossy program published by the Victoria Commonwealth Games Society. A first printing of the booklet, distributed in media in the spring, described Canada as "the world's largest country" (it isn't), and a map showing provincial capitals located Toronto—and displayed Hamilton.

Any fact that the society's media relations manager, said that those slips have been corrected in a 95-page "final edition." But in the revised program, the map still orders Quebec south of the Laurentians River to New Brunswick. A chronology reports that the British colonists, later to unite as Canada, became fully self-governing in 1867. And in tracing Canada's multi-cultural history, the booklet suggests that after the French and British, Africans were the next "to immigrate," adding that in 1767, more than 1,000 black people resided "in what was to become Canada. No slave to be taken to the Americas, the booklet leaves out the part about the slaves.

Games mascot and Canadian officials corrected slips

AN ACE IN THE HOLE

During Canada's 102nd anniversary visit to Atlanta in the World Championship of Basketball in Toronto last week, a white-haired grandfather sitting a row behind the Canadian bench was seen whispering in the ear of local coach Ken Shamblin. Don Harris understood: "Defense like no other basketball coach I know," says Shamblin, who recruited the Americans to help build a strategy to defeat such powerhouses as Croatia and the United States. It is not as if Harris had nothing else to do last May, he became head coach of the NBA's Los Angeles Lakers, succeeding Magic Johnson. And there is personal life money involved. Don Harris, who has worked intensively with the Canadians for the past year, wanted to see the project to its end. "It was so delicious that he attracts people to the program," Harris said after practice last week. "We could have saved \$1-million each coaching against the American way." "Most of those guys play for the Lakers," he says, "so I'd want to beat them in the regular season anyway."

Canada's Steve Nash: help from the south

PASSAGES

MARRIED: Deputy Prime Minister and



Environment Minister Peter B. Jones, 41, and Austin Thomas, 48, in a Roman Catholic ceremony, in Ottawa. It is the third marriage for Copin. The second, Thomas, a labor contractor and a former secretary treasurer of the Canadian Federation of Labor Unions, who was first elected member of Parliament for Hamilton East in 1984, has one daughter, Danielle, 7. From previous marriage, Thomas has three children. Following a private reception, the couple left for a honeymoon in the Caribbean.

DIED: David Reichmann, 36, son of Ralph Reichmann, who along with brothers Paul and Albert built the Toronto-based Olympia & York Development Corp. and raised money in Tel Aviv. A police spokesman said Reichmann was found dead in his car after suffering a heart attack on the side of the road between Tel Aviv and the religious suburb of Be'er Sheva, where he lived. Other Israeli media reports said he died at his home. After sitting his stake in the family's real estate holdings for a reported \$300 million, Reichmann seemed to have three years ago and founded Dorem Commercial, which acts as a non-commercial link between the U.S. Embassy in Tel Aviv and the state department in Washington.

APPOINTED: Mike Waters, 51, Canada's ambassador to Ireland since 1988, as an ethnic director of the University of Notre Dame in Indiana. Toronto native Waters, a 1968 Notre Dame graduate, played for the team in Augustus from 1966 until 1979. He later practiced law, attended the Harvard Graduate School of Business and worked as an insurance company executive before being given his diplomatic posting by Prime Minister Brian Mulroney.

DIED: Mendy in Warsaw co-founder Margaret Anglin, 82, in Brampton, Ont. The 1936-born Anglin, who moved to Brampton in 1955, helped start the program—which delivers hot meals to seniors in their homes—three decades ago through the local Red Cross. From there, Mendy's Warsaw quarterly spread across North America.

PAID: By renege company money ignored Wells: \$1.1 million in bill after a 14-year dispute with the U.S. Internal Revenue Service. Nelson said the outstanding balance, which once ballooned to \$45 million, was paid off for \$25 million after negotiations.

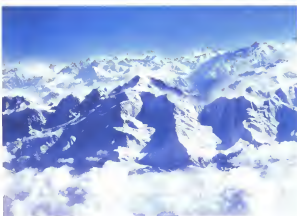
BEST-SELLERS

FICITION

1. The Collective Presidency, John Baylis (1)
2. Simon and the Gospel, John, P. J. Smith (1)
3. The Crossing, George McGowan (2)
4. The Bridges of Madison County, Robert Bly (2)
5. The Secret of the Island, John Baylis (2)
6. The Secret of the Island, John Baylis (2)
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15. The Secret of the Island, John Baylis (2)
16. The Secret of the Island, John Baylis (2)

NONFICTION

1. The Secret of the Island, John Baylis (1)
2. The Secret of the Island, John Baylis (1)
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16. The Secret of the Island, John Baylis (1)



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UNION



On the road with a reformer

BY DIANE FRANCIS

Interviewed Mexican President Carlos Salinas last month as he traveled by helicopter from Los Pinos, the president's official residence, to a farmers' rally on the outskirts of Mexico City. Some 15,000 cheering campesinos waved their sunshades as we arrived. A cowboy had punctuated a series of speeches that praised the president and his agricultural reforms. Salinas spoke, too, and handed out several symbolic cheques to mark the start of a program to help small, inefficient farmers compete against the productive, mechanized farmers in Canada and the United States.

Salinas campaigns even though he cannot seek re-election under Mexico's constitution. However, he, his party, the Institutional Revolutionary Party, known by its Spanish acronym pri, and his policies are very much in the running. And even if his hand-picked successor loses, he has still scored an Oscar-worthy, single-handedly, Salinas has transformed Mexico from a dictatorial socialist country into a democracy. And the crowning event will be the fact that Mexicans will go to the polls on August 21 in what promises to be the country's first truly clean election.

Many Mexicans remain cynical—understandable, given past misdeeds. However, independent observers like Canada's ambassador in Mexico, David Winkfield, are convinced that the safeguards are in place to virtually eliminate infiltration and election fraud. Even opposition party leaders I interviewed are convinced that the country's new concentrated civil system and impartial voting commission will do the trick. Their only complaint is that Salinas's successor, Ernesto Zedillo, has a staggeringly high campaign budget estimated to be as much as a million dollars each day.

But Salinas attempted to level the playing field somewhat last month when he asked the media to donate more time and space to alternate candidates. "This is the most transparent election in our history," Salinas com-

plained. "This is the first time in our electoral history that the man responsible for handling the election is fully supported by all parties and major political organizations. Secondly, this is the first time the main opposition party, PAN (National Action Party), recognizes the seriousness of the voters' list. This is the first time Mexico has had external observers and the first time UN-trained observers. This is the first time citizens are handling the electoral body and not political parties. This is the first time the attorney general is responsible for validation."

Mexico has probably changed since Salinas took over in 1988. He brought about economic reforms to clean up the country's fiscal mess, then set about with social progress and democratic reform. Before Salinas, the media was either government-owned or severely restricted. Journalists critical of the regime disappeared or were threatened. Newsrooms censoring news were commonplace. Government officials routinely bribed journalists. Even independently owned newspapers were controlled because they were only allowed to lay trumpet from the government.

When I first began traveling regularly to Mexico in 1990, journalists would not openly

criticize the government in public or would lower their voices to a whisper. Now, discussion is open and newspapers publish all viewpoints. And Mexico's nine presidential candidates participated in a televised debate that was watched by 50 million people.

Locally, Salinas's reforms have handed an important platform to Mexican guerrilla leader, Subcomandante Marcos, whom I also interviewed, just days before I traveled with Salinas. Marcos catapulted to world attention when he and his small army of 2,000 Mayan Indians staged a surprise attack on January 1, setting four towns to protest against Salinas's agricultural reforms and being coeditions in the southeastern state of Chiapas. By Jan. 12, the fighting had ended not soon after, Salinas's government offered a ceasefire agreement, a pledge to negotiate grievances and security for all orbits.

Mexico is no longer a wanted area, but remains ranked and hidden in a jungle area the size of Nova Scotia. About 30,000 Mexican soldiers have surrounded the region. Through carefully selected media access, Marcos now makes a tour of north and onto a long shadow over the election. He regularly changes candidates, critiques Mexico's systemic corruption and goals the public into taking action. Most recently, he has called for a coalition of peasants to nominate different candidates and demand a transitional government. "Americans and Canadians think this is only an Indian movement, but that's a mistake," said Marcos. "The majority of people in my army are Indians, but the demands are national. Mexico has a national problem of poverty, justice and democratic freedom."

Salinas has gone a long way towards addressing those problems. He has cleaned up the country's treasury and devoted half the budget to social spending, up from a fraction of that when he took office. "We have a long way to go in reversing the poverty in Mexico," Salinas said during our helicopter ride. "But there are fewer poor today in Mexico than the day I took office. Every Thursday and Friday for five years I've visited the country. When [Mexico's] rebellion at Chiapas happened, many people 'disappeared' poverty in Mexico. All those years I have been going to villages and communities to help poor people. We brought about economic reform and simultaneously had a determined social program."

And in an inevitable admission of his party's past failure, Salinas added: "If we hadn't worked so strongly on the social side, a movement like that and by Marcos would have erupted immediately throughout the rest of the country. But we are committed to building a democratic system and I will hand the presidency over to whoever wins the election."

Salinas changed Mexico from inside the system. Marcos nudges along progress in very much the outside. No matter what the election's outcome, everybody could win. The rally concluded and my interviewers went. I asked Salinas what he thought of the show-biz. "Mexico will win the election. Mexico."



CANADA

Catching the wave

The falling dollar drives up domestic tourism

A postcard-perfect Peggy's Cove postcard from Halifax, it is what Prince's business call a "mini" or "logo" day. The sky is a great blue expanse, the sun is gleaming and the Atlantic is lapping at the granite shore. A beeper rings, the gulls cry and the tour buses roll in to discharge scores of visitors. "We kept hearing it was going to be a bumper year," says Teresa Beale, whose family runs Beale's Railroad, an art, craft and fashion shop in Peggy's Cove. "Last night up to the end of June—if you had asked me—I would have said it was nothing but a rumor." Then, July brought a wave of tourists after all. And in the wake of several major international events, there are a welcome sign in Beale and his fellow businessmen. "The weather's great and that has a lot to do with it," he says. So does the low Canadian dollar. "A lot of people from Quebec and Ontario say 'No, it's really Beale.' They are coming down here for the first time rather than going to Maine or Vermont or their favorite spots."

The low Canadian dollar has, in fact, sparked a mini-boom in the domestic tourism industry. Although only 30 per cent of all Canadian planned to take vacations this summer, according to a March survey by the Commerce Board of Canada, it's up from 22 per cent—and they would stay in

the country (at) or that travel abroad. That is about the same proportion as last year, but up from 20 per cent in the year before that. And those numbers may understate the true state of affairs, since the survey was taken in March, Canadian currency tumbled another jump to lower than 72 cents on the U.S. dollar. Meanwhile, according to Statistics Canada's most recent seasonally adjusted data, Canadians made 1.6 million overnight trips to other countries in May, down nearly 30 per cent from May, 1990. The bargain-basement dollar appears, consequently, to be attracting foreigners in May, the most recent month for which figures are available, 200,000 people visited Canada, up nearly 50 per cent from last year.

All that has left tourism operators on the U.S. side of the border none too pleased. John A. Johnson, director of tourism information for the state of Maine, says that 3,500 Maine people had crossed the Canadian border into Maine by the end of June, a 25 per cent decrease from the same period last year. To make matters worse, he says, "Canada is a very good bargain right now, so a lot of Americans who may have come to Maine for three nights are staying now, and then going off to Canada." The Canadian tourism industry, he says, "is getting a real boost because of this exchange rate."



A parent-and-five over a water heater off Princeton, Peggy's Cove (top), a real boost

According to the Commerce Board survey, the largest share of Canadian travellers—nearly one-third of those who were planning summer holidays—intended to vacation in Ontario this year. It would be a slight exaggeration to say all those tourists will be crisscrossing Lake Huron's Chippewas Ferry out of Tobernony, Ont., on the Aug. 1 long

weekend, but a good many of them do. The ferry sails to Saint Ignace on scenic Manitoulin Island four times a day. And by 10 o'clock on Saturday morning, the parking lot was full and cars were lined up three-deep on the road—enough vehicles to fill the next two ferries, and then some. Susan Schreiner, on-site supervisor for the company that owns the ferry, says the ship had carried 20,400 vehicles by the end of July—a three-per-cent increase over the same period in 1990. One of the passengers on the holiday weekend, Terry Reynolds of Toronto, and the few Canadians he befriended here decided to spend his vacation dollars domestically. But there was more to it than that. "I feel myself getting more Canadian as I get older," said Reynolds. "I don't know if it's the economic and cultural drift from the States that it's kind of a growing awareness, a kind of pride in being Canadian, although I know that sounds kind of silly."

Whatever their motivation, neither crowded ferries nor searing sun nor even raging fires seem to keep Canadians loathe from their appointed destinations. News reports in late July that flames were licking at the outskirts of Penticton, B.C., a resort city in the Okanagan Valley, prompted a few hotel cancellations, says Michael Campbell, president of the local chamber of commerce. But the vacations were quickly filled by others on waiting lists. "Things are booming here, I'm happy to say," adds Campbell. The fire has now been largely contained, and Campbell points out that it never actually endangered the tourist area in the city. But visitors building a Stika Lake could not help but notice a haze from the fire hanging over the surrounding hills.

The rush on Canadian tourist sites, however, has a downside as far as Gary Telford is concerned. A 20-year-old apartment company representative from Halifax, Telford was in Toronto on business in mid-July. He drove back towards Nova Scotia only one Sunday morning, arriving in Quebec City at about 5 p.m. "I thought about the microwave thing," says Telford. "But I drove. Thirty dollars at the airport and it's been a problem." On this week's show, the board where he usually stays is fully booked—as were the next three hotels and motels he tried. "There was almost a crisis," says Telford. "There are a some people calling to be housed at each hotel." Finally, Telford gave up and drove another 200 km to Riverview, N.S., where the situation was even worse. "I had never seen anything like it—it was bizarre, unbelievable," says Telford. "I thought there was a special event, but evidently I was all together." Unable to find a room, Telford tried Redcliffe, N.S., in vain. "By that time, it was two in the morning," he says. "That was it. I just drove through." Telford's only made it to Halifax, after 20 hours on the road. "I'm still not over it," he says, a week later. The weekend drive. In that case, while he is recovering, he should probably start treating with the benefits of nearby Peggy's Cove.

MARY McNEIL is a Tobernony and
MARIE MacSAAC is Peggy's Cove

A political comeback?

Prior to this August, 1995, after the June 28 Quebec referendum in which the sovereignist side was defeated.



BACKSTAGE
OTTAWA

BY ANDREW WILSON SMITH

Parsons faces pressure to resign, despite the large majority his Parti Québécois holds in the National Assembly in Ottawa. Bloc Québécois leader Lucien Bouchard, his party's solitary candidate, is pondering whether to leave politics in a gesture of protest against the referendum. Parsons, 53, 53 1/2 are considering whether to remain together, resign this session, or to caucus chairman Michel Gosselin last week suggested they would—

A referendum on Quebec sovereignty could very well reverse the fortunes of Jean Charest and the Tories

or find another party. They will not be sitting in the House of Commons, but they will look with respect at Jean Charest, who made a plea for reconciliation after his high-profile campaign for the No side was tactical disaster. Out of that combination of events came and failed negotiations, the north of the rebels of the Progressive Conservative party are born.

In the drama of those who still refuse to leave Toronto, salvation from their present predicament arrives something like that. It has to even the most partisan. They need accurate more immediate than the day-to-day of emergency. The 50,000 dollars to be a Tory today is, to paraphrase the United States' famous slogan, to be one of the few. The (mostly) broad and the (mostly) working for free. The number of paid workers at official headquarters in Ottawa has been cut to 100. The party's constitution office space in most major cities only because it has a wheelchair-free space from supporters and, outside of Ottawa, it usually relies on volunteers to staff them.

Is a Tory return to victory a realistic dream for its supporters? For a signpost to others who have opted out of the election of Brian Mulroney? Yes, if Charest and his followers benefit from the combination of money, good timing, opposition's misadventures and dumb luck that all parties in recent years enjoy. Despite their message, two seats in the Commons, the Tories are in a much better position than the New Democratic Party, which is planning to replace its leader, rethink its name and renege its policies. The Conservatives, at

least, have an enduring name and a leader Canadian and leading Canada. As for their policies, the Tories favour either civil or blame for starting many of the state economic and social reforms the Liberals now embrace. The Liberals, arguably, because the government by putting a more sympathetic face on the same policies, and benefiting from the rise of popular opinion in a more moderate election, the Tories could offer a new sympathetic face, while benefiting from the collapse of the Bloc, and the Liberals' disappointing performance of Preston Manning. They would not win, but they could show that the Tories and the Liberals are not as alienated as the Liberals.

For that to happen, they must survive several potential setbacks. Tories are terribly aware of the prospect of the Mulroney year scheduled for October release by journalist Steve Causton. Two candidates are first it will be well publicized, and it will not be the Tories. A second would be a Kim Campbell tell-all book can rest easy, the outline Campbell has offered Parsons—which has generated little criticism—into the party's future. The book is the likely outcome of the Quebec election. If the PQ wins, relations between Quebec and the rest of the country will move slowly into deep freeze. Charest will not be active in the provincial campaign, but was or less, he is planning to speak in Quebec. The book is scheduled for release, Sept. 12, in Quebec City and the other outside the province. He will also meet Alberta Premier Ralph Klein on a visit to his Shuswap riding on Sept. 20 to 21. Those whereabouts seem certain to boost Charest's profile at a time when the country is contemplating its second round of change.

All of which is to say that the political future of Charest and the Tories is inextricably tied to a No vote in a referendum. But if the separatists win the referendum, those who will loathe the Tories and despise the established order can look heartily at the Tories. They will have a new and old leader, Prime Minister Jean Charest or anyone else from Quebec—to back against any more

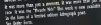


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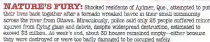
Justice Patrick LaRage, the judge in the Paul Bernardo murder trial, scolded lawyers for delaying the case "for too long," but agreed to adjourn the proceedings until Sept. 12. According to LaRage, the court had done "probably three days' work" in the three months since Bernardo's assignment. Defence lawyer Ken Murray, nonetheless, said he will ask to move the high-profile trial to a different community. Bernardo, 29, is charged in the sex stagings of Kristen French, 15, and Leslie Marshall, 14, both of whom lived at the St. Catharines, Ont., town where the trial is proceeding. His ex-wife, Kerla Hanokva, was convicted of manslaughter last year in the two girls' deaths and is serving a 15-year sentence.

A lightning bolt struck a baseball diamond in Ancaster, Ont., killing 14-year-old left-fielder Mark Kiri of Calgary and sending more than 20 others to hospital. The tragedy, which happened during a game between the Calgary Blues and the Fraser River Chiefs of British Columbia, cast a pall on the Canadian Rag League Championships, a ball tournament for teenage players from across the country.

Human Resources Minister Lloyd Axworthy, citing a "growth in education costs borne by students," increased the loan limit for full-time students to \$165 a week from \$145. Axworthy also raised the annual ceiling on loans to part-time students to \$4,000 from \$2,500. More than 280,000 students are expected to receive loans in the coming year.

For the first time, Canada Post has awarded a printing job for non-commercial stamps to an offshore company. The post office granted 6 Leigh-Mardon Security Printing Ltd. of Melbourne, Australia, a one-year contract to print 600 million 45-cent Maple Leaf postage stamps.

A two-engine Cessna crashed in St-Amand, Que., about 150 km northeast of Quebec City, killing all six people aboard. The plane had left from St-Augustin, on Quebec's north shore, and had just refueled at St-Amand, where it was to head further south for Trois-Rivières. But shortly after take-off, eyewitnesses saw its left engine catch fire, and it crashed before pilot Luc Leclercq, 37, of La Malbaie, Que., could get back to the airport only a few kilometers away.



British Columbia is still the place to be, according to Statistics Canada's annual report on migration to and between provinces. Between April, 1992, and April, 1993, the federal agency said, the province attracted a total of 90,099 people from interprovincial migration coupled with 31,318 new immigrants from abroad—adding 71,217 to its population.

Saskatchewan suffered the largest net loss—8,708 people—as its 1,840 new residents failed to compensate for the 6,348 who moved to other provinces. Newfoundland came next with a net loss of 2,594. Other losers were Manitoba (2,394), New Brunswick (1,477), the Northwest Territories (358) and Yukon (323).

Alberta, however, gained 8,754 new residents, followed by Nova Scotia (7,649) and

Prince Edward Island (734). Both Ontario and Quebec, meanwhile, would have suffered population losses without immigration from abroad. Ontario gained 107,655 people, with 121,884 new immigrants to offset the 14,359 people who moved to other provinces. Quebec registered a gain of 32,747 people, after accepting 41,397 immigrants and losing 8,635 people over the decade.

Bailing out

THE SIEGE OF HAITI

Facing a U.S.-led invasion, a pariah regime shows defiance

The United Nations raised the stakes, but once again Haiti's military leaders refused to fold. Just hours after the UN Security Council voted 12 to 1 that week to approve a resolution, co-sponsored by Canada, authorizing the use of military force to remove the pariah

regime, Canadian soldiers boarded ships north of Haiti, while hundreds more carried out military exercises on neighboring islands.

Canada's support of the UN resolution authorizing a U.S.-led invasion represents a dramatic change in policy. In June, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien argued that sanctions

Senate, Bernard Sanson, and last week that the head of the *pro-peace* military regime, Lt.-Gen. René Duvalier, may step down as early as October but no later than January 31. But he urged Aristide to follow suit. That plan was tentative support from U.S. Senate Republican leader Bob Dole, who



U.S. marines guard the American Embassy in Port-au-Prince; victims of political violence reportedly more than 400 Aristide supporters were killed this year

should be given more time to work, calling military intervention "the last option" and "not an option that we favor." Last month, Foreign Affairs Minister André Gauthier said that since, saying that the Haitian regime's defiance of the international community "can't go on indefinitely." But although Ottawa now officially backs an invasion, Chrétien made it clear his work that Canadian troops will not take part in it. "We want to maintain the role of Canada as a peacekeeper so when the intervention is over we are in a better position to play a very useful role," he said. Canada has already agreed to train police for work as Haiti's new democracy is restored.

Offering a compromise solution to the political crisis, the president of the Haitian

said that it "might make sense" Dole, along with several other conservative congressmen who oppose U.S. military intervention in Haiti, considers Aristide a radical who is not worth dealing with American laws that White House Press Secretary Dee Dee Myers made it clear that there was no change in the U.S. position that the deposed president must be reinstated. "We expect democracy to be restored and President Aristide, who was elected with 67 per cent of the Haitian people's vote as their elected leader, to be restored as well," she said.

Despite the growing pressure on Gauthier's regime to step down, there were few outward signs in the capital that government leaders found an imminent crisis. Soldiers did complete a mass-fuel-high order book with

around the parliament building and closed off the streets bordering army and police headquarters with a line that impeding two-block barricade of sandbags. But despite Jeanne's claim that Haitians would fight against "with all our might and means," leaders of the 7,000-member army clearly have other ideas. They have repeatedly told reporters that rather than try to defend against an overwhelming force of crack U.S. troops, Haitian soldiers will simply take all their weapons, return to their homes and deny any link to the military. Described as the "revolutionary theory," the soldiers and their civilian allies will

then launch a quarter-century Haitian guerrilla campaign to force the invaders out. "We are hiding powder, poison pills, poisoned weapons," said Emmanuel Constant, leader of the Front for the Advancement and Progress of Haiti (FAPAH), a brutal paramilitary force responsible for much of the violence against Aristide's supporters. More than 400 such Haitians have been killed so far this year.

Indeed, two more bound and bullet-riddled bodies were dumped last week on the main thoroughfare leading to Gât-Soleil, a wretched slum in the capital, known as a bastion of support for Aristide. At the same time, a former Haitian senator, Reynold Georges, who had recently dropped his support for the military regime, was shot and wounded in the back, according to his wife. She said her husband, leader of the tiny Alliance for the Liberation and Advancement of Haiti (ALH), was attacked by a carload of police and soldiers in Port-au-Prince. Georges had appeared on a CNN broadcast calling for

Canada to step in. In another act of military violence, anti-race police and plainclothesmen went out to a group of people waiting in line in Port-au-Prince to apply for political asylum in the United States. U.S. Embassy spokesman Schragger and police took away three of the would-be applicants. Since the Clinton administration announced last month that it would no longer allow Haitian boat people to settle in the United States—about 60,000 have fled their homeland since Aristide was toppled—the number of Haitians applying for asylum at the U.S. Embassy in Port-au-Prince has fallen sharply. But about 1,500 successful applicants have nowhere to go as all commercial flights to and from Haiti have been suspended under the UN embargo, and the military government has rejected American requests for charter flights to take them out. Meanwhile, they live for their lives. St. Schragger. "As the security situation deteriorates, these people could potentially be in danger."

Even so the war clouds gathered over Haiti, a private citizen urged the country's media-political president. "Mr. Jeanne, between the African gods will protect him," said Mireille Durocher Dorin, a presidential lawyer and former chief of staff to Jeanne. "He believes there will be a end over the sea." Few others in the intelligence community appeared to see things any more clearly. "Why does everyone hate us?" asked one senior official, shortly before the latest bullet-riddled bodies turned up in the streets of the capital. "Why? You know we are doing good work."



ANDREW HILSON and ANDREW DORVILLE in Port-au-Prince

When worlds collide

Billionaire Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi discovers that politics and his vast business empire make a poor mix

NO matter what Silvio Berlusconi was thinking to himself as he addressed the Italian parliament last week, at least the feisty lobbyist-comedian-prime minister looked cool. On the streets outside Rome's Chamber of Deputies, ancient, black-and-white cobblestones started in an August heat wave that made even Italian men tug a little inside the white chamber: tempers flared and the common parliamentary orders, kept as eye on the trouble—a brawl had erupted just a week before—as Berlusconi looked on a debate about how to deal with the obvious conflict of interest between his paymaster business empire and his role as prime minister. But Berlusconi ignored the heckling of hostile deputies and looked on his real audience: Italian watching at home on television, most still unsure whether to trust Berlusconi, and wondering if yet another day of his life was over.

So Berlusconi projected calm. His style remained unguessed. His blue shirt stayed crisp. "Maybe I'm just an incredible optimist, but I see nothing black in the day which is dawning to a dawn," he said, meeting confidence an opponent. Then, he smiled broadly. "I've said and I confirm that I intend to govern for a long time," he told the assembly before pausing to add the qualifier, "but not at all times."

He never owned his party, but that is the question Italians and their politicians will have to resolve soon enough: what to do when the prime minister owns three television networks, dozens of newspapers and magazines, and one of the country's largest conglomerates at real estate, financial and advertising companies with sales of about \$10 billion last year and debts at another \$4 billion. Can an independent management team truly be expected to run a television empire without consulting its creator? Is it fair to force Berlusconi to sell Fininvest SpA, the group of companies that took him 35 years to amass? Can anyone even afford to buy it?

The extent of his holdings would be a challenge for any country to regulate that in Italy, where there is not even an Italian word for "black trust," thus in-



ASSIGNMENT
BRUCE WALLACE
IN ITALY

bred new territory. And while the government searches for a solution, almost every law or decree it passes is tainted by the knowledge that a Berlusconi company somewhere, somewhere, will be touched by it. He even owns ILC Milan, Italy's most successful soccer club.

The situation is complicated by the fact that four senior Fininvest executives are also under arrest while being investigated for allegedly helping Italy's tax police. For two years, Italian judges, led by the charismatic Antonio Di Pietro and armed with extraordinary powers to investigate suspects without trial while evidence is second-hand, have been uncovering a cancer of corruption throughout Italian political and business life. The scandal is popularly known as *Mani Pulite* (clean hands).

On July 29, police arrested Paolo Berlusconi, the prime minister's brother, who is also a Fininvest executive, on

charges of paying \$350,000 to bribe his tax police. And that same day, Bettino Craxi, a former prime minister and Silvio Berlusconi's political mentor (he is also grandfather to one of Berlusconi's daughters) was sentenced to almost six years in prison for allegedly helping Italy's tax police. For two years, Italian judges, led by the charismatic Antonio Di Pietro and armed with extraordinary powers to investigate suspects without trial while evidence is second-hand, have been uncovering a cancer of corruption throughout Italian political and business life. The scandal is popularly known as *Mani Pulite* (clean hands).

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Berlusconi, daughters Eleonora and Barbara, brother Paolo (left): charges of corruption, bribery and conflict of interest

Laquila, which wants to launch the grip of Rome's bureaucracy on the richer north.

But after three months in office, Berlusconi increasingly looks, walks and talks like a politician from the bad old days. It certainly felt like the old Italy on July 14, when Berlusconi issued a decree allowing more than 500 corrupting suspects to leave jail. He argues that the president's ruling people while under investigation is not abuse of power by the judges (their role is, in fact, similar to a Crown prosecutor). Berlusconi accused them of being left-wingers out to smear conservative politicians.

But the *temperato* judges promptly

protested, and public opinion overwhelmingly sided with the crowd. On July 16, Berlusconi's motives appeared suspect. He issued the decree late at night, when the country was distracted by reality over a comeback soccer victory by their World Cup squad. Public anger was stirred by the obvious sight of disgraced politicians walking out of jail, such as ex-lead minister Francesco De Lorenzo, who is accused of running a multi-million-dollar illegal trade in pharmaceuticals. On co-sponsor, senior Berlusconi friend Puggelli, was caught with cash stuffed in his

government office, with cashboxes and gold bars in his wall safe.

The press dubbed the decree "Save the Thieves," and Berlusconi finally rescinded it. But as the noise around Fininvest executives heightened, many people questioned whether Berlusconi had been more concerned with heading off the investigation of his company than with protecting the rights of the accused. Berlusconi was behaving, said respected columnist publisher Mario Scialoja, like the president of Fininvest, not the prime minister of Italy.

In fact, Berlusconi's Forza Italia often seems to be little more than a subsidiary of Fininvest. The government's polling is carried out by the marketing research arm of Fininvest, Gianni Letta, the under-secretary of cabinet, was Fininvest's deputy chairman. The new defense minister, Cesare Previti, is Berlusconi's lawyer. A former anchor man at one of Berlusconi's TV stations, Giuliano Ferrara, is now the government spokesman.

"Berlusconi should have used the unique opportunity the election gave him to show Italians that he had confidence in the system," says Agostino Rinaldi, an Italian politician and one of the country's most prominent law lawyers and an adviser to several past Italian ministers. "But instead, he has appeared defensive from the beginning, appearing to be looking out for himself rather than the country. He should be showing Italians how to work harder, less better, be more European."

That is what makes the early disillusionment with Berlusconi so frustrating. "You must not believe in the parties of the past," grandfatherly, finger-wagging Umberto Bossi, leader of the Northern League, warned Berlusconi during a parliamentary debate. "We must be a formation from the past to the future." But Italians still do not know if Berlusconi represents true change. And if Italy really is ending is it moving towards the sophisticated European mainstream? Or is it being pulled deeper into the beast of corruption and laziness that is its stereotypical, endless struggle?

A book of television quotients provides a snapshot of the contradictions and problems of a Berlusconi government. It is a 150-page on a weekday afternoon in the central studio of Channel 5, Berlusconi's first, and flagship, network, located in a low-rise building on the crest of a Roman hill overlooking the Colosseum. The first item is about Berlusconi's speech in parliament the night before. "Berlusconi will announce," reads the headline over the intonation of announcer Ennio Cento, who tells viewers that there is "no crisis."

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MEXICO

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Local news media show a pro-government bias

Following a small protest outside defense headquarters in Mexico City last February, witnesses said that they saw Jorge Bustamante bundled into a car and driven away. The 25-year-old university student contends that he was detained and tortured by security forces, a claim partially supported by his medical records. After his release, Bustamante filed a formal police complaint—and went straight to the media. He said he was hoping that publicity would protect him from further abuse and that public outrage would force the government to curb such illegal activities. But nearly six months later, Bustamante's case remains in limbo, and relatively few people have even heard about his day in custody when, he alleges, he was tortured with electric shocks and forced to eat with death. Only two of Mexico City's 30 daily newspapers covered the story. A reporter at one of those independent papers, who did not want to be named, said that an editor refused to print the Mexican media's silence on Bustamante's plight, pressure from President Carlos Salinas de Gortari or of a presidential spokesman declined to respond to the charge. But Bustamante, for one, remains convinced that "there was a cover-up at the highest levels."

Government meddling in the news media is nothing new in Mexico. It has been a fact of life ever since the ruling Institutional Revolutionary Party, known by its Spanish acronym PRI, came to power 65 years ago. But in the past two years, as Mexico has moved tentatively toward democracy, the state has loosened its control over the media. Its new private criterion of the government's

be printed and broadcast, and allows opposition presidential candidates to be interviewed on television. Still, the government-media relationship continues to be overshadowed by the media of a system in which journalists have been coerced and co-opted into tugging the official line. "There is a lot of self-censorship," says Jorge Zaverucha, editor of the Guadalajara daily *Siglo 21* (Century 21). "There is a network of contacts among publishers and government officials who are not playing by the old rules."

Supporting the establishment makes good business sense in Mexico's media marketplace. In the past, those who looked at reporting the government have been threatened with losing broadcast licenses or losing their supply of newspaper cut-out. With media's interest in the leaders of government and industry have developed a "you scratch my back, I scratch yours" relationship, says Florentino Tzuc, a television critic with Proceso, an independent weekly newsmagazine.

Indeed, Cite Alliance, a Mexican network of some 200 election observer groups, recently accused the country's two biggest television networks of slanting their coverage during the run-down to the Aug. 31 general election in favor of the ruling party. The observers carried out a study showing that in the month of June the main television news show gave PRI candidate Ernesto Zedillo Ponce de León, Salinas's chosen successor, 36 per cent of its election coverage compared with 11 per cent for leftist Democratic Revolution Party candidate Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas Solís. And eight per cent for the conservative National Action Party's Diego Fernández de Cevallos.

Financial pressures have also forced most newspaper publishers to support the government. According to industry analysts, the state pays a substantial amount of print advertising. Given that the majority of Mexico's newspapers and magazines would be forced to fold without these revenues, it is not surprising that most publishers censor themselves.

Discrediting the media is the fact that poorly paid reporters—salaries start at a meagre \$400 a month—are expected to supplement their income with "corruption" dished out on their beats. That widespread practice creates cozy relationships between journalists and officials in the halls of power. Although the president's office announced two years ago that it would no longer brief such reporters, many reporters say that the PRI and state governments have taken up the slack. One reporter, who wished to remain anonymous, told *Alfonso* that Mexican journalists can make as much as \$6,000 a month or better while covering PRI candidates Zedillo's campaign. "About 80 per cent to 90 per cent accept the envelopes," and the reporter: "It means there is a huge distorted view of the facts."

Still, there are signs that Mexico's Fourth Estate is coming of age. The country's media now is the North American Free Trade Agreement has put pressure on the government to relax media controls, including its monopoly over newspaper distribution. And an armed peasant revolt in southern Chiapas state last January has increased demands for democratic reforms, including better news coverage.

Despite these changes, only a handful of newspapers are considered truly independent—and their circulation is minimal, less than 300,000, in a country of 80 million people. Analysts say that real media freedom will only arrive in Mexico when the state relinquishes its remaining influence over TV and radio, from which the vast majority of people get their news. Until then, the stories of people like Jorge Bustamante will go largely untold, and uncensored.

SCOTT MORRISON is a Mexico City



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SERBS REJECT PEACE

The self-declared Bosnian Serb assembly formally rejected the latest international peace plan and endorsed a referendum to endorse its rejection of a map that would divide Bosnia roughly in half between the Serbs and the Muslim-Croat incidence. Western leaders denounced the decision, and President Slobodan Milosevic of Serbia cut all political and economic ties to the Bosnian Serbs, whom he had previously supported as the 28-month-old ethnic war. Meanwhile, NATO warplanes bombed Serbian targets in Bosnia in retaliation for the theft of heavy weapons from a UN depot near Sarajevo.

A POPULATION EXPLOSION

A World Bank study predicts the Earth's population will reach almost 8.5 billion by the year 2030, nearly a 50-per-cent increase from the current level of 5.7 billion. Bank president Linus Christian cautions that family planning is the way to break the cycle of poverty in the Third World, where most of the population growth is expected.

GULF WAR RESTITUTION

The Kuwaiti government distributed almost \$2 billion to 300 people who sustained the death of a relative or serious injury as a result of Iraq's 1990-1991 occupation. The first compensation it has received from Baghdad. Under the ceasefire terms that ended the Gulf War, Iraq is responsible for all losses from the invasion and occupation. Kuwaiti individuals, firms and state agencies have lodged \$1.5 billion in claims, which are being evaluated by the UN Compensation Commission.

TURMOIL IN NIGERIA

A Nigerian judge adjourned until Aug. 18 the treason trial of Moniford Abacha, who was widely considered the winner of last year's disputed presidential vote. His arrest in June has plunged military-ruled Nigeria into turmoil. Demanding for Abacha's release and a return to democracy, at workers, for one, launched a strike that has disrupted fuel supplies, pushed up world oil prices and forced many local businesses to close.

RUSSIAN INVESTORS BURNED

Police in Moscow detained Sergei Morozov, the shadowy head of Russia's largest investment company, which, who is suspected of evading taxes on earnings of about \$10.9 million. President Boris Yeltsin's government has called Morozov a potential assassin that was bound to collapse and said it did not want massive millions of investors who have lost money after Morozov shelled the price of YAMAL shares.

World NOTES



SURVIVAL: Two bandits steal food from a Rwandan refugee camp near Goma, Zaire. Plagued by disease and armed thugs in the camps, 100,000 refugees streamed back to Rwanda, where an international relief effort gained momentum. Ottawa announced that it was sending 74 soldiers to the region from the Canadian Airborne Regiment who underwent special cultural sensitivity training to avoid the type of racial incidents that plagued their earlier mission in Somalia. They will protect a Canadian field hospital on the Rwanda-Zaire border and communications specialists in Rwanda.

Serbian death camp

A Bosnian Serb army deserter and director of Maric's survivors have come forward with the first account of atrocities at a Serbian concentration camp to be corroborated by both sides in the 28-month-old Bosnian war. Investigators preparing for war-crimes trials in The Hague investigated the witnesses, whose stories painted a horrific picture of torture and murder at the Srebrenica camp just outside the eastern Bosnian town of Vlasovica, where an estimated 3,000 Muslims died.

The deserter, Pero Popovic, a former guard at the camp, said that throughout the summer of 1992 Muslim prisoners were routinely shot by Serbian death squads. Popovic added that executives were a regular occurrence and that a Serbian-dominated unit of the Yugoslav army prepared the way for the "ethnic cleansing" of Vlasovica by surrounding and dismantling its Muslim population a few weeks before the camp opened in June, 1992. One survivor of the camp, Rajka Radovic, said she had been beaten and sexually harassed by a Serbian soldier at her home in Vlasovica before being taken with her eight-year-old daughter to a hanger at Srebrenica that was used as a barracks. Her husband, Rajka Radovic, had been arrested about one hour earlier and remains missing. During her 20-day incarceration at the death camp, she said, "I saw one man's ear cut off by the Serbs and two others killed." She added, "People were beaten every day. Sometimes a dead body would be in the trough for hours before the guards came with a bag and took it away."

BEER WARS

Canadian brewers are competing for market share and investor interest

Tall bottles, stubby bottles, dry beer, genuine draft, for beer, extra strong and not too sweet. These are just a few of the questions that Canadian two major brewers have devised to keep consumers interested in their product. This summer will go down in beer history—it is remembered at all—because of a pony red building that Dog Beer is the most prominent new entry by Molson Breweries as the perennial beer war that flares up each year as ice-creamers sweat. But compared with last summer when Molson and John Labatt Ltd. rolled out their ice beers, one of their most successful product launches, this year's battle has been relatively low-key. With the exception of a highly-profile advertising campaign in Ontario, Alberta and British Columbia that began in May with billboards featuring nothing more than a mysterious cartoon drawing of a red dog's face, the country's two beer makers have tested their new brand introductions.

"Consumers have become a little disenchanted, a little jaded," says Dave Perkins, Molson's senior vice-president of marketing, in Toronto. "After the 'genuine draft' wars and then the 'ice' wars, they've gotten tired of the hype. They don't want things pushed down their throat." As a consequence, Molson has introduced Red Dog with no direct competition from Labatt.

But if the battle for consumers is cooler down in the pond, the competition for investors has heated up. On that front, the two companies, whose share prices many people say are seriously undervalued, look remarkably different. While the Molson-Guthrie Ltd. of Toronto, the holding company that owns Molson Breweries, has sold more of its brewing assets and concentrated on a strategy of diversifying into other industries to offset its reliance on beer sales, Labatt has taken the opposite tack. The London, Ont.-based brewer is planning to buy a stake in a Mexican beverage company and has announced plans to sell many of its non-beer assets. But so far, neither strategy has won over shareholders who have allowed the stock prices of both companies to drift down



Buying ice beer in Toronto: "Consumers have become a little skeptical, a little jaded" and "tired of hype"

ward. Even the financial analysts, who benefit from generating investor interest in companies, sound indifferent. "They're both buying a mediocre price," says consumer products analyst William Chisholm of Laurentian (McGill-McClellan & Co. Ltd.) of Toronto. Labatt has been a diversified company that's now getting back to beer. Molson is going the other way. Both strategies sound OK. It's just a question of whether either one of them will make money.

Despite their divergent approaches, both companies face the same problem: the beer industry is mature, beer consumption is stagnant and there are no natural new opportunities that can be made to the basic product or its accessories. With the consumption of beer in decline—the average Canadian drinks about 13 less liters of beer in 1995 than in 1981—so the population ages, Molson and Labatt are desperately searching for new avenues of growth. Even though beer

is still a highly profitable product, investors favor companies whose growth potential will push up share prices.

In that quest for growth in the 1980s, Molson and Labatt both played their beverage growth into a variety of new businesses. Molson's main investments were in Diversy Corp. of Minneapolis, Oct., an international cleaning and sanitation product company, and in retailers Beaver Lumber Company and Alford's Home Improvement Warehouse. Labatt stayed closer to home with investments in dairy and food products as well as a variety of sports and entertainment businesses, including the sports network TSN and the Toronto Blue Jays baseball team.

To date, however, few of these investments have been as profitable as beer. Molson got 30 per cent of its revenue but 60 per cent of its \$655.7 million in profits from beer in fiscal 1994, while beer generated 77 per cent of Labatt's revenue and 60 per cent of its \$225-million profit.

Says Andrew Gray, an analyst with Equity Research Associates Inc. in Toronto, "It's another example of poor performance by companies that have grown away from their core business." Added Jacques Kavanagh, an analyst with Levesque Jacques Inc. in Montreal, "You can never do a good job of diversification. It's never a good idea."

For that reason, experienced investors tend to view companies that attempt to buy their way into new businesses. Says Gray, "What do guys who work their way up through a brewery know about chemicals—especially not much—and what do they know about mining rock vehicles, either? If they're throwing out a lot of cash and they don't know what to do with it, they should get it back to shareholders in the form of larger dividends."

But Molson and Labatt are ignoring that call. Indeed, Molson says that it has decided to spend even more money on Diversy in an attempt to improve Diversy's lackluster profits. "We re-evaluate this year to spend money to make money," says Barry Jenkins, senior vice-president of corporate and public affairs. "We will invest more in areas of customer service to build the business." Molson president Mickey Cohen told shareholders at the company's annual meeting in July that he wants to get Diversy profitable up and see its representation in Molson's share price. "No one," he said, "is more impatient than me—but we must manage this company for the longer term." Diversy, which sells products such as laundry and dishwashing products in North America, Europe, Asia and Latin America, appeals to Molson largely because of its growth potential in developing countries. Says Jenkins, "As living standards improve in less developed

countries, one of the first things to pick up are clothing and washing standards." Still, Diversy's U.S. operations have lost money for the past two years.

Meanwhile, Labatt reduced its beer business in 1993 by selling a 20-per-cent stake in its brewing company to Miller Brewing Co. of New York City. According to market share numbers published by Equity Research, Molson is Canada's largest brewer with 61 per cent of the market. But its share has slipped in recent years, down from 53 per cent in 1990. Since then, Labatt has edged up two percentage points to 44 per cent. The remaining seven per cent of the market is taken by micro-brewers and imported beers.

For its part, Labatt is the past two years has sold its dairy and food products businesses and concentrated its assets in sports and entertainment. It has sold its \$1 billion worth of sports and entertainment interests into a separate public company. Last month, it reportedly increased its exposure to beer, when it announced an agreement to buy a 23-per-cent stake in Pilsener Brewery de C. S. Mexico's second-largest brewer

But with a price tag of \$275 million, analysts say that Labatt may have paid too much. Says Gray, "It looks to me like the beer they can do with that is break even." Kavanagh adds that the high price is only justified if general consumption of beer in Mexico's young population reaches drinking-age equivalents.

Despite Labatt's attempt to streamline its operations, the brewer is maintaining some interest in non-beer products. Last month, it emerged as part of a group that is reportedly contemplating a bid for an interest in Madison Square Garden, the famous sports and entertainment complex in New York's East city, among other interests, the Stanley Cup champion New York Rangers and the New York Knicks NBA franchise. Labatt refuses to comment on the report. "The only thing I definitely know is that we're not interested in a natural extension of its core business. We're not just manufacturers of beer, we're also marketers," says Paul Smith, Labatt's director of public relations and communications. "A lot of our diversification has come out of beer-related activities."

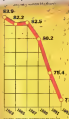
Indeed, selling beer does seem to be what Labatt does best. The company is widely credited with leading the beer pricing in-beer market, using a new production technology that has received a U.S. patent and which allows maintaining prices to either be outdoors "for beer has been a phenomenal success," says Smith. "We invented a product here in Canada that has quickly established itself in a permanent place in the marketplace." In June, Labatt says that its ice beer is now the second-largest imported brand of beer. But, adds Smith, acknowledging that 1994 is a quieter year for beer than 1993, "It's not every year that you get an ice year."

In fact, according to Molson's Perkins, 1994 is a year when the consumer wants to return to the traditional mainstream beers like Molson Canadian and Labatt Blue. "People are looking for value," he says. "We see strong increased price competition." Perkins claims that even ice-beer sales in Canada will account for only about half of the 13 per cent of the market that they took at the peak of last year's summer season, as the novelty of the new product wears off. "Consumers are saying don't put us back of type," he said, "give us a good one." Now, that's something to drink to.

BRENDA DALGLISH

Suds for sale

Canadian beer sales per capita in litres



SOURCE: BEVERAGE ASSOCIATION OF CANADA



Back in the black

Profits are soaring as the recovery accelerates

When Stinson does not control Canada's economy as a whole, but many industries—foreign and domestic—have long regarded the company that he runs as a backstop for the rest of corporate Canada. Stinson, 60, is the chairman and chief executive officer of Montreal-based Canadian Pacific Ltd., which has major interests in railways, shipping, coal, oil and gas, hotels and telecommunications. These days, business is almost all three sectors in picking up, and Stinson—like a lot of other corporate executives—is breathing easier. After struggling through the recession and listening to shareholders growl about these straight-ahead losses, his company is solidly back in the black. Last week, Canadian Pacific reported a \$586-million profit on revenues of \$1.1 billion for the second quarter that ended in June 30, up from a narrow \$15-million profit for the same quarter a year ago. "We're sure happy with the improvement," Stinson says. But he cautions that it is still too early to repeat the company's policy. Declared Stinson: "We're not sure where we should be. We've got to keep improving."

Across the country and across most industries, the profit picture is also brightening—a sign that the economic recovery is finally be-

Pulp plant in Quebec.
Costs in exports

not going to get too rusty."

In fact, many of the most impressive turnarounds have occurred in companies that suffered the deepest reversals during the recession. One of the most glaring examples is Northern Telecom Ltd., which, in the second quarter of last year, posted the largest quarterly loss in Canadian corporate history—\$1 billion. This year, Nortel earned a second-quarter profit of \$37 million, on revenues of \$2.1 billion. At many smaller companies, the story is similar. Last week, Polcon Technologies Inc., an Ottawa-based computer software maker, reported a second-quarter profit of \$425,000, and a 74-percent jump in sales to \$9.0 million, compared with a loss of \$20,000 in the same quarter last year. "It's only when you've had long, certain losses to improve upon it,"

Polcon president Eric Goodwin said. For companies of all sizes, much of the jump in profits is due to higher sales in the booming U.S. economy. That boost has spurred a strong surge in automobile and housing sales. Among the first to catch on have been Canadian automobile plants. Ford Motor Co. of Canada Ltd., for one, posted a second-quarter profit of \$70 million on record company sales of \$8 billion. Those stronger sales and booming sales, in turn, have pushed up sales—and prices—of most raw materials, including metals, lumber, oil and other commodities. Canadian Pacific, which produces oil and gas and transports a third of products to market, has benefited at several levels. "The big driver of our railway is export commodities: be it grain, fertilizers, farm products, automobiles," explained Stinson. Stinson added that the growth in exports is starting to ripple across other sectors—and other sectors of his company's balance sheet. "We see a definite improvement in our city branches—Toronto, Montreal, Calgary—which means that business travel is up," said Stinson.

However, despite the rebound, Stinson says Canadian Pacific, like many companies, is determined not to abandon the cost-control measures it instituted during the recession. When asked about new hiring or wage increases, Stinson said bluntly, "that's not a long way off." For most Canadian wage earners, it will likely be a while before the impact of the improvement in their employer's bottom line shows up on their paychecks.

JOHN DAILY

Business NOTES Win one, lose another

QUEST FOR CAPITAL

A tentative deal to export capital into the following Toronto-based insurance company, Confederation Life, expired last week. In April, Great-West Life Assurance Co. of Winnipeg agreed a letter of intent agreeing to provide \$400 million in capital in exchange for the right to buy Confederation's valuable North American group life- and health-insurance business. A cessation of assurance companies, including Great-West, is now negotiating a "top-down" plan to export \$800 million into Confederation.

LAC NAMES PRESIDENT

The board of Lac Minerals Ltd. named senior mining Peter Stone as its new president. Stone, 60, left a job as president and chief operating officer of Homestake Mining Co. of San Francisco to take the job at Lac. Lac is currently the subject of three unrelated takeover bids.

BACK TO WORK

The national unemployment rate dropped to 11.2 per cent in July from 10.3 per cent the previous month. Statistics Canada reported that 51,300 new jobs were created in July and that the number of unemployed Canadians fell by 21,000 to a total of 143 million. It is the highest rate of domestic employment since April 1990.

BANKRUPTCIES DOWN

The pace of bankruptcies in Canada has slowed as the economy strong improves. According to the office of the superintendent of bankruptcy, 5,537 businesses and consumers declared bankruptcy across the country in June. That number is down from 5,671 in May and 5,866 in June, 1990. The latest monthly figures bring total consumer and business bankruptcies to 31,162 for six months of the year.

GAINING CONFIDENCE

Statistics Canada's quarterly survey of business conditions revealed that the level of confidence among manufacturers reached record highs in July in the survey of 5,800 manufacturers. Sixty per cent of the companies are doing well, up from 54 per cent and they are looking.

UNDER CONSTRUCTION

Huang & Daocun Properties Inc. of Toronto has won a contract to finance, design, build and operate a new airport terminal in Budapest, Hungary. The company, which built and, until 1986, owned a stake in Terminal 3 at Toronto's Pearson International Airport, valued the Hungarian contract at around \$200 million.

Canadian exporters avoided one clear victory and became another mark in continuing trade friction with the United States. In one case, a special trade commission ordered the United States to stop imposing border tariffs on Canadian software. However, the most significant trade dispute between Canada and the United States. The three-member panel decision means Canadian lumber companies will now get back about \$800 million paid in tariffs over the past two years to the U.S. customs department. In

its ruling, the panel upheld another decision last December that determined that Canada's lumber is not, despite U.S. complaints to the contrary, subsidized.

Washington had challenged the U.S. lumber ruling on the grounds of conflict of interest. At that time, the U.S. lumber industry lobby contended that Canadian lawyers Richard Davidson and Lawson Hunter, members of the December panel, did not disclose all their law firms' work for the government and for the lumber industry companies. Still, the United States, which is a member of the panel, was guilty of gross misconduct, but as a serious offender of justice," the extraordinary challenge committee said in its ruling.

Under U.S. trade law, products imported without a tariff—such as those that have been imposed on Canadian lumber—must be proven to be both unfairly subsidized and to have injured the U.S. domestic industry. Since the challenge found no Canadian subsidy, the duties must now be removed and the proceeds returned to Canadian firms. Canada shipped about \$1.4 billion worth of lumber in July of the lumber produced in Canada—to the United States last year.

Canadian wood exporters, however, fired less well last week. After months of escalating threats on both sides, trade officials from Canada and the United States hammered out a six-year agreement that limits duty-free Canadian wood exports to the United States to the 1985-1986 level of 1.6 million tons. For

1985-1994, shipments of Canadian wood have climbed to 25 million tons. Any wheat exported above the set rate will face a \$800-ton penalty.

In the initial stages of the confrontation, Trade Minister Roy MacLennan said he would not accept any quotas or caps on exports. At the time, Washington was threatening to impose 100-per-cent penalties on Canadian wheat farmers. The Americans argued that Canadian transportation policies and the marketing practices of the Canadian Wheat Board



Canadian lumber exports, lifting border tariffs

contribute unfair subsidies. The Canadians countered that growing U.S. demand for Canadian wheat was caused by the floods that devastated wheat-growing regions of the American Midwest last year. The subsequent congressional passage of a "peace clause" that declares that neither side will retaliate for the next year.

Farmers and the Reform party attacked the deal, claiming the interests of western wheat farmers are being sacrificed at the altar of Canada's duty and poultry farmers. Reform party leader critic Charles Peterson from Alberta told MacLennan that he is convinced that American trade negotiators have agreed to ditch their push for more open access to Canadian dairy and poultry markets—many of which are in Quebec—in exchange for the limits on wheat. He said Ottawa is "sweeping some time during the Quebec election, hoping for the right result."



Rebuilding Canada's fiscal architecture

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

While Quebec's election over paper dollars on, most of us are spending this summer of our discontent twice as often as Canada's other watershed: whether the economy can withstand the burden of our national debt. The two issues are not disconnected. They feed off each other: the more Ottawa cuts spending to reduce the deficit, the more trouble Jacques Parizeau can make for the federalists among Quebec voters; the more shrill the separatists become in their demands, the higher must our interest rates, thus increasing the national deficit.

The main caught in the middle of this spiraling dilemma is Paul Martin, an undisciplined finance minister who to consider the nature of his every public word, in case a casual remark sets off a run on the already precariously poised Canadian dollar. During the couple of hours I spent privately with him recently, I found him surprisingly relaxed about his job and his country, confident that both will continue to flourish. "First of all," he told me, "I start with the basic premise that Quebecers want to stay in Canada. I say this as a Quebecer. I've lived over half my life in Quebec and in the past six months have spoken in every school and corner of the province. They absolutely want to stay in, but they don't want to be coerced to. They want a country that works, which is why Jacques Parizeau's statements have been so damaging to him. On the one hand, he says, 'Don't embody the politics of fear in this thing.' Then, he immediately goes the politics of fear himself. That hurts him. The ease with which Parizeau is able to reset his foot in his mouth will now send the seeds of his defeat. Personally, he also has the habit of saying what he really thinks, which is enough to scare the hell out of anybody."

Still, Martin remains optimistic about the country's economic future, even though he has himself been widely criticized for not doing more to reduce the deficit in his first bud-

People rightly feel they're entitled to a job. Our problem is we've got a society that says people are entitled to the alternative of a job.'

get. "Given the fundamentals of the country, within a year we're going to be looking very, very good," he predicts. "The European and Japanese economies are beginning to pick up, as is Latin America's, while Asia will continue an spectacular growth and the United States economy will retain its full potential. And here we'll be with our large, unused capacity. I really believe there's an opportunity here for a repeat of our post-World War II boom. The boom through a lot of business cycles, but I've never seen such underlying strength as today. All those businesses out there are lean and mean as hell, and their markets are growing."

What happens will depend largely on Martin's own ability to eliminate the deficit and start dealing with our national debt. He admits that he has been less than successful in communicating exactly how this can be done, because his government's three-per-cent deficit-reduction target is not nearly real enough. "That's only an unmet ambition," he insists. "The ultimate goal is to eliminate the deficit, but we must have realistic yardsticks by which we measure progress. The alternative is to do what the Tories did, which was to set unrealistic tar-

gets and then meet them three times. Instead, I've set it out precisely what it will be—a \$29-billion deficit this year; \$53 billion next year and \$60 billion the year after that. These, the years before the next election, we'll set our targets and the voters will be able to judge us on what we've done."

Meanwhile, Martin is getting a little tired of business supporters who tell him to accelerate deficit cuts but argue why their industry should benefit from special exceptions. The country's long-term economic solution, he maintains, must involve real productivity gains. "1973 was the break year," he says. "That's when the productivity of all Western economies started to drop, unemployment started to rise, debt began to multiply—nothing worse than in Canada. When Brian Mulroney made the most serious mistake was that after 1985 he didn't try to do anything with the deficit but allowed monetary policy to take over. The great battle John Crow waged should have been fought first on the fiscal side, by cutting government expenditures. We've got to rethink the role of the state, reduce it, make both government and the economy more productive."

Martin will be making an economic statement this fall, but instead of it being a mini-budget it will set out the options for the 1995 budget, which Martin hopes will reset the financial architecture of the country. "People rightly feel they're entitled to a job," he says. "Our problem is that we're forgetting that. What we've got is a society that says people are entitled to the alternative of a job. Apart from its human dimensions, the effect of getting people back to work on the deficit would be enough overwhelming."

He dismisses the threat of the International Monetary Fund coming into Canada, but insists he will not use devolution of the currency to help resolve the debt problem. (That may be a theoretical proposition, since the Canadian dollar has dropped to 72 cents from 80 cents in 1991 without the government's help.) "Devolution always looks firm," he says. "All it does is create a false paradise where you have living up to your real problems. Maintaining the integrity of a country's currency is essential, especially when you become as much more alone as we do."

Although he fought Jean Chrétien for the party leadership, and many Liberals still think he should have won, Martin has not stopped vowing to fulfil his father's quest Paul Martin Sr. ran unsuccessfully twice before for the Liberal crown. Now with Chrétien, the cause of finance ministers of most never being elected prime ministers has been killed. Previously, only three men, John Turner, Sir Charles Tupper and R. B. Bennett managed to occupy both offices, though only Bennett was elected to the top job. Paul Martin recently served once as an Ottawa councillor (that was once the ground floor of Tupper's anglicized house).

It may or may not be an asset. Either way, Paul Martin's next budget will decide his place in history.

Maclean's
DE
DEALER OF
EXCELLENCE



Maclean's
What Maclean's means

MACLEAN'S CONGRATULATES

ITALO SARTORIO

THE MOTOR DEALERS
ASSOCIATION OF ALBERTA 1994
MACLEAN'S DEALER OF
EXCELLENCE AWARD WINNER

Italo Sartorio is the president of Shogunappi Motors Ltd. in Calgary, Alberta. In August 1958, Italo emigrated to Canada from Varese, Italy, beginning his extensive auto career as a gas jockey, working his way up through the parts department and the accounting department to become Dealer Principal.

In 1955, he bought some land and a year later built his own dealership, Shogunappi Motors. In 1993, with 78 dedicated employees, Shogunappi Motors ranked number one in sales among dealers of the same franchise and third out of 87 dealers in the Alberta zone. Many of Shogunappi customers have purchased three, four and even five cars from Italo's dealership.

As an active member of FADA for 22 years, Italo is used to being a winner. In June of this year, his dealership won the Driving Performance contest and a total of 10 Triple Crown Awards to date.

Italo is also very active in his community through the Alberta Special Olympics, the United Way, the Canadian Cancer Association and other local charities.

Congratulations Italo!

A rash of teenage homicides has pushed public anger to the boiling point

KIDS WHO KILL

Throughout history, the image of the evil child has provoked fear and hysteria. In medieval Europe, superstitious peasants believed that children were particularly prone to demonic possession—and that delinquent infants and adolescents were actually sinister creatures called changelings, offspring of elves substituted for human babies. Terrifying changelings did not, as hoped, bring about the return of the real baby but did condemn several youngsters to serious abuse. In the video age, millions of viewers are held spellbound by blood-flecked creatures of darkness in horror films like *The Shining*, *Grease*, *The Omen*, and *Sawney*. The popularity of these movies is a testament to the public's seared fascination with the possibility that a juvenile, presumed to be innocent, naive and relatively harmless, could in fact be a cold-blooded murderer. In Canada in 1986, it is the fear of the homicidal adolescent—predatory and utterly unpredictable—that is now adding a shill edge to the debate over how society should deal with violent young criminals.

Unlike the adolescent youths in Hollywood horror films or teenage adolescents in Canada kill real people—more than 40 a year on average. While that rate has remained relatively stable for decades, the number of adolescents charged with various types of assault, weapon offenses, robbery and manslaughter has more than doubled since 1980. And a recent rash of atrocities—and highly publicized—lethal shootings and stabbings by teenagers has pushed public anger to the boiling point. Even more shocking to many Canadians is the fact that a teenage killer can be freed as an adult as little as 12 months, that was the sentence served by a 16-year-old Toronto adolescent for a 1980 second-degree murder conviction. Public outrage over the perceived lenient treatment of juvenile offenders and other violent teens prompted federal Justice Minister Allan Rock, a 48-year-old father of four, to propose a series of measures in June to toughen Canada's *Young Offenders Act*. That law governs crimes committed by youths aged 12 to 17, children under 12 cannot be charged with a crime, but may be placed under the supervision of provincial child protection authorities.

Among the proposed changes to the act:

- An increase in the maximum sentence for first-degree murder to 30 years. The current maximum is three years in "closed custody" in a juvenile detention center, followed by two years in "open custody" in a group home or halfway house.

- The automatic transfer of violent offenders, aged 16 and 17, to adult court—and later adult prisons—unless it is clear that they can be rehabilitated as the youth system. At present, the Crown must make an application to transfer more serious charges to adult court.

- Allowing the release of young offenders' names and records to school officials, professionals and even neighbors, but not to the media. The act currently forbids any identification of a youth charged with a crime.



• Canceling young offenders to participate in treatment programs. The current law allows youths to refuse treatment or therapy, even if it is recommended by a judge.

Rather than calming the public, Rock's suggested reforms have only earned up the volume in the debate over juvenile justice. While opposition critics and citizens are demanding stiffer penalties to hold youths more accountable for their acts, a loose fraternity of lawyers, doctors, psychologists, social workers and criminologists want the state to spend more tax dollars on treatment programs for violent young criminals rather than on jails. Each side will be pushing its agenda before Parliament's standing committee on justice, which resumes hearings on the amendments on Sept. 19—and will then recommend changes before a final bill is presented for a vote next year.

Adding an explosive element to the debate is the continuing violence on the streets. On July 31, in downtown Toronto, Vladimir G., the 16-year-old son of former Canadian prime minister Maurice Bishop, died after his torso was sliced in a brutal attack by a teen gang during a reggae concert. The next day, a 15-year-old boy shot up the front of a dance club near the city's SkyDome with a throwing 9mm semi-automatic pistol, and wounded a patron in the back. In Montreal, on June 21, a 16-year-old boy was sentenced to three years in custody for literally blowing out the brains of Quebec store owner Ghislain Cho, 38, with a 12-gauge shotgun during a robbery. In April alone, police charged a trio of 16-year-olds with killing British Columbia's Nicholas Buterkozy in a drive-by shooting while in Edmonton another three teens were arrested for allegedly firing handgun fire. Danesko to death during a bungled burglary.

Reports are quick to argue that the recent violence does not constitute a growing crime wave. Juvenile offenders have been around for centuries—the Roman emperor Nero devoted his diagnosis when he was a teenager, stabbed old men to death and dumped their bodies into sewers. In Canada today, killings by kids are actually rather rare: only 10, or approximately 75,000 convictions registered in youth courts in 1986, roughly 60 per cent were for property crimes—and less than one-fifth of one per cent for murder.

But it is not so much the crimes as the sentencing that has become a political lightning rod. Manitoba Justice Minister Rosemary Voady cautiously argued Rock's move to lengthen sentences. "We support the changes but we are looking for more," she said. Quebec Justice Minister Jean Landry said the province is constitutionally free to set its own rules on adult court—and, ultimately, federal governments—would be harmful to Canadian society. "I am not in favor of the juvenile unit at Institut Philippe Proulx, a maximum security psychiatric hospital in Montreal. Toronto's unit, which has treated about 30 teenage murderers, human beings in college-style detention rooms rather than cells. The clearly superior results are also offered high-school classes, sports teams, therapy and even group counseling in such topics as conflict resolution—costly rehabilitation programs that are scarce in adult prisons. "I think this proposed law is crazy," declares Tootson. "Our adult prison system is getting so violent it's a miracle it doesn't blow up. And we're going to send kids there? It's like putting them in a graduate school for crime."

Along with the debate over punishment, there is little consensus on why children kill. On the following pages, Montreal's reporters profile three teenage killers in detail: a B.C. youth who raped and strangled a six-year-old girl (page 10), a Nova Scotian who, at 13, shot a neighbor for an apparent reason (page 10), and a 16-year-old boy who garroted down his family two years ago (page 39). What the youths have in common is a stunning lack of empathy for their victims at the time of their crimes.

That's a characteristic that Montreal psychiatrist Louis Marinette, an expert in the treatment of violent youths, is seeing more often in his practice. "I get more adolescents who are almost border-line personality types, like the characters in the movie *Sliver of the Lamb*," he says. "Many of these teens were hurt as children and now want revenge. They take pleasure in inflicting pain." Marinette says it is not just the kids who are ultimately at fault. "Adults are taking less responsibility for things in life. They are less committed to their caregivers, their jobs and spending time with their children." In a parenting class to all parents, he cautions, "Don't blame schools or laws for these teenage kids—look at yourselves and what you're doing at home."

PWILL KAHILA

THE DARK SIDE OF JASON

Neighbors were unaware that the youth was already on probation for two sex offences

BY CHRIS WOOD

Sunmer sunlight fell in gossamer shafts through the heavy branches, dappling the wet, brown teenage bodies laughing at their own horseplay, the cluck of tennis balls and struts fountled good-naturedly for a pleasured, a belching over time as it spun and drifted slowly on the river's current. Among them was the tale's owner, Jason Gansche, a handsome, rather bulky youth, his thick brown hair plastered against his head. Apart from his height, a strapping 6 feet, 1 inch, there was nothing—nothing visible, at least—in this August, 1991, day in Vancouver Island, to set the stage for a 15-year-old apart from his playmates. There must, certainly, be nothing to suggest that within weeks this same laughing boy would lure an unsuspecting younger child into darkened woods, rape and casually murder her.

The slaying of an 8-year-old Dawn Shaw on October 28, 1992, in Courtenay, B.C., a community of 12,000 people 180 km north-west of Victoria, sent shock waves through British Columbia. Horror at the killing reverberated eight weeks later, when police arrested Gansche, Shaw's and dawn neighbor at a nearby house, and charged him with the girl's murder. No one apart from investigators had suspected the personable youth of harboring a hidden upside to lethal violence. Lloyd Dawson, another resident of the complex and the one who discovered Dawn's bruised and naked body, treated Jason as completely that: later that night he let the teen in his own two young sons. "I never dreamed on one of all that it could be him," Dawson says now.

But there was a side to Jason Gansche that his neighbors knew nothing about—one that was, and now said to be, a mystery to Jason Gansche himself. What the neighbors did not know was that the youth was already on



probation for two previous sexual offences. What no one knew, although police quickly began to suspect it, was that the polite young man, the captain of his high-school rugby team, was also fatally capable of murder. Physical evidence collected from the crime scene, however, pointed directly to Gansche. Confronted with that evidence eight weeks after the crime, the youth confessed. After nearly a year of assessment by court-appointed experts, Jason's case was raised to adult court last fall, and his case made public. On April 5, a B.C. Supreme Court jury in Victoria convicted him of Dawn's murder. He is now serving a life sentence.

That sentence, however, hardly closes the case on Jason Gansche. Nine and a half years

will be eligible for unsupervised release from prison by Christmas, 1999. He will then be 33, an age when many violent sex offenders are reaching their predatory peak. In his first interview with *Maclean's* late last month—Gansche made a plea that he does not want to follow in that pattern. His demeanor, in fact, are those of most criminal young people at his age: "A guy, a male finally, sometimes I'm not crowded," he said. But Gansche also appears to accept that those attributes must remain on the far side of a razor wire fence until he understands the consequences in his character well enough to contain his own deadly potential. That will be a tall order. Twenty-two months after the murder, Gansche said that he is "baffled" by his own capacity for violence.

Whatever monster lurks in the soul of Jason Gansche today, they were apparently not evident in his childhood. His mother, Nicole, remembers the baby born in Red Deer, Alta., on Sept. 28, 1976, as an easy infant to ease into, in contrast to older brother Darren, who was colicky. "Nothing seemed to faze him," she says of her younger son. "He laughed all the time." But the youngster's life was soon disrupted. Nicole and the boy's father, Dale Gansche, separated when Jason was two, and over the next several years the boys moved often, first within Alberta and later within British Columbia. By the time Jason turned 14, in September, 1990, he was living with his father in Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island. And apart from brief visits that summer and the previ-

ous Christmas, Jason had not seen his mother since 1988.

It was in Nanaimo that Jason began a rocky entry into adolescence. No longer the "charismatic" that both parents say he was before the separation from his mother, Jason had become withdrawn. At home, he argued frequently with Dale Gansche, a successful alcoholic who tended to be an inflexible disciplinarian. Jason's close relationship with Darren, three years his elder, had become more distant when the older boy began dating and spending more time away from home. At school, Jason fell in with an unruly crowd and began to play hockey. It was also in the fall of 1990 that the young adolescent's emerging interest in sex first became evident. It found a potent early focus when Jason saw a portion of a sex video, belonging to his father, in which a woman performed oral sex on a man. The images became central to Jason's sexual fantasies.

Within eight months, they would find him with his first girlfriend. In March, 1991, Gansche seduced a 15-year-old boy in his home and gave him a job in exchange for taking the teenager's penis in his mouth. Two months later, he took a 16-year-old girl into his father's bedroom, undressed her and asked her to do the same thing, when she refused, Jason let her dress and leave. Both children eventually told their parents what happened, and they reported the incidents to police. In November, 1991, Jason pleaded guilty to two criminal charges and was placed on 24 months probation. As a young offender, however, his convictions were not made public.

By the end of 1991, Dale Gansche had moved with his younger son to Courtenay, a choice dictated by the presence there of a John Howard Society treatment program for adolescent sex offenders. Still, in 1992 appeared, there was no reason to hope that the teen's erratic life was getting back on track. Nicole, who had been living in Kirkland Lake, Ont., moved in Courtenay and took over day-to-day responsibility for Jason. Mother and son moved into a two-bedroom townhouse in a low-rent housing complex next door to an elementary school.

Jason, meanwhile, appeared to shake off his delinquent habits. He joined the Sea Cadets, completing a junior leadership course and set up a youth center with the group. According to Nicole, he made conscientious efforts to abide by a probation order forbidding him to be in the company of children under 12. And he was faithful in his weekly attendance at the John Howard Society. "I thought I was doing pretty well," says Gansche now, echoing an assessment that his counselors were to both Nicole and Jason's probation officer.

By his 18th birthday, Jason's life once again looked promising. Weeks earlier, he had enrolled in his 12th school. Georges P. Venter Secondary, about a kilometer and a half away from the Gansche townhouse. The athletic youth went out for the rugby team and became captain of the junior squad. "He made a huge contribution," recalls Venter rugby coach James Miles. "He played hard, but he played fair. He was one of those kids that other kids respected." Adds the coach, with perhaps unintended irony: "He was a model person. The terrifying focus in Jason's personality, though, were soon to become evident.

Saturday, Oct. 28, 1992, was cool and dry in Courtenay. In the parking lot outside the Gansche townhouse, children lagged in the early autumn dusk. At 7:30, Carol Shaw, who lived next door to the townhouse and in the Gansches, called her daughter Dawn in for the evening. When only 10-year-old Anthony and four-year-old Robin responded, Shaw asked neighbors to help look for her missing middle child, six-year-old Dawn. A police patrol, responding to an unattended call, was told about the missing girl and joined the search.

It did not take long. At 8:40 p.m., Dawson, searching a wooded area on the far side of the neighborhood school playground, came upon Dawn's body at the junction of two footpaths. "The smell of fresh blood on the carpet of freshly fallen leaves was acute, legs splayed, face turned to the right. Lacerated bruises and scratches disfigured her torso and neck. But was scarred on her chest and abdomen, and across Jason's left chest, her lower and upper lip, was the muddy imprint of a shoe's diamond patterned sole. Her body was still warm.

It took less than four hours for law investigators to follow in Gansche, who had spent part of the evening after the discovery of Dawn's body meeting Shaw's other children. A records check revealed Jason's earlier conviction for sexual assault, which he had been sentenced to in the Gansche's home. Questioned closely, Jason acknowledged that he had briefly played hide-and-seek with Dawn and other children at about 7:30. But he insisted that when the game broke up 10 minutes later, he had returned home to watch the final few innings of World Series on TV. After the police left, recalls Venter, "Jason hid his pants back. That you do it?" He said, "No, I didn't."

Less than four hours after they left, the police returned, this time with a search warrant. Jason calmly asked by his initial account. The investigators, however, took the clothing that Jason's mother gave him the previous day: a black-and-purple tracksuit,



Dawn Shaw; Jason Gansche is the person Gansche (opposite) "I had lost control... I grabbed her by the throat and I started to choke her."

and a pair of black-and-white running shoes. Whenever the identity thefts happened, they appeared next to brother Jason. He agreed to take a polygraph test. "Why, on anything to worry about," Maize said. "I didn't do it." Three by helicopter is taken to take the floor by himself, Jason is taken to nine separate rooms where he was killed. Jason's last name he answered, "No." And K&M polygraph specialist Skip Rita Schmitt was convinced of his conclusion. "It is my opinion," Schmitt told Jason in the presence of investigators. "You were being truthful to the question of time, that is, whether or not you played a role in the murder."

Back in Clearwater, Ganuche gave no indication that he was anything but innocent. At the townhouse complex, he helped a neighbor mow and distribute pink lapel ribbons in Dawn's memory. At school, he openly discussed his status as a suspect and his polygraph examination with his rugby teammates. "I wasn't begging," recalls coach Mike. "The wasn't aggressive or nervous. There was no noticeable sign that something had happened."

Then, two months later early on the morning of Dec. 17, investigators called Jason and Nicole back to the Clearwater RCMP offices. With an detachment, Const. Leo Brubaker prevented the two children from being taken to the room where they had been questioned. Jason and Dawn's body was in her discarded shorts, blouse and blue denim jacket. Red and black threads were in the jacket. Brubaker explained, matched black strands from Jason's track suit and red fibers from an nylon that covered the side where the Ganuches watched TV. The unusual pattern on Jason's shirt, he continued, matched the one etched on an old sweatshirt. "UUC," the police officer concluded, "why don't you tell me what happened?"

His young Jason asked for his mother to be present while he gave a new account of his actions on Oct. 16. Now, he admitted that he had walked with Dawn towards the schoolyard, and then lifted the little girl onto his shoulders. Carl Brubaker quickly crossed the open playground and entered the woods. There, Ganuche recounted tearfully, he removed Dawn's clothes and forced her to the ground. "The rape was brief, interrupted by the voice of her brother, Arlo, calling her name." "I didn't have time to warn her, as I finished with her," Ganuche said. "She wouldn't stop saying, 'right?'" Ganuche explained. "And I just lost control. I grabbed her by the throat and I started to choke her. And then I jumped on her. . . . I just jumped straight up and landed on her."

Later the same day, a video camera showed Ganuche as he retired to his room the evening of the murder. Strangely, his

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several minutes was delivered in a very different tone from his first crucial confession. This time, the youth's voice was firm and somewhat even. Even Rippert as he recalled the first night, he testified for her body. "She yelled, 'Mom,'" he recalled. Ganuche. "Probably at the top of her voice which was a very loud."

The videotape, in fact, later played an open court, left no doubt about Ganuche's responsibility for Dawn's death. But in the 18 months since the teenager's confession, a succession of psychologists, psychiatrists and social workers, to say nothing of his shattered family and shocked friends and neighbors, have struggled to explain his violent actions.

Carl Schmitt holding Rita at Dawn's homicide is depicted search for the missing girl.

Some of those who have examined Ganuche insist that he is a psychopath, lacking the human faculty of conscience. Relying on psychological testing and observations at the juvenile detention facility in Victoria where Ganuche spent 1985 in custody, psychologist, Steven Segmond declared, in a written report to the court that "while Jason does not presently qualify for a diagnosis of antisocial personality disorder [psychopathy], he certainly shows very strong traits of that condition."

But there are inconsistencies in the diagnosis of psychopathy. On subjects other than the murder, for one thing, Jason is not as impulsively acknowledged. "He 'fidgets,'" says Nicole. And Ganuche himself disputes the assertion that he has no conscience. "I have a conscience," he told Macdonald at the federal Regional Psychiatric Centre at Abbotsford, B.C. "We had times when I've broken down and cried and screamed, thinking what it would be like to be my victim."

Psychiatrist John MacTavish suggests a different explanation, arguing that Ganuche may suffer from Multiple Personality Disorder. That ailment remains controversial among experts because it causes people to act as several different "personalities" can

come within a single body, often without the full aware of each other's actions. MacTavish notes that Ganuche meets several diagnostic criteria for the disorder, among them repeating blankness when he cannot remember where he has been or what he has done. Jason, indeed, continued to insist that he does not remember killing Dawn, or even watching the murder for the police. Adds MacTavish: "Jason passed the lie-detector test. It could be explained on the basis that the murderer was not Jason."

While that explanation fails to answer all the questions posed by Jason's actions, it is strikingly reflected in Ganuche's own description of his childhood impulses. He told his parents shortly after his arrest: "It is as if someone else is taking over. He's mean, he's cruel and he's violent. It's not me. I was the old Jason." Together, the Ganuches decided to call that vicious personality "Karl." Jason's middle name. Speaking last month in Victoria, Jason elaborated, describing Karl as the side of his personality that takes over when he is in danger. "If I'm in the yard and three or four guys come up and start threatening me, I'm not going to be there," added Ganuche. "Karl is."

The issue is not just academic. While psychopathy is generally regarded as untreatable, antisocial personality disorder appears to be amenable to long-term therapy. Ganuche himself expresses the hope that a treatment program begun last month will bring his violent impulses under rational control.

"I can control me and Karl," he said. "None of my feelings and thought patterns will control me. As long as I am not in a bad situation, I can start a new life." Until then, he insists, he does not want to be released.

But after another year in custody, there is a disturbing new development in Ganuche's thinking. "There is a part of me that likes Karl," he acknowledged, "because he has no qualities that you need as a [prison] system." And indeed, it is hardly surprising to believe an multiple personality to suspect that a capacity for violent violence might find reinforcement within the frequently bleak prospects of a psychopathy. "It's an outlook that deeply troubles Ganuche's lawyer, Keith Jones. Without appropriate treatment, he argues, Jones, "Jason will have gone to his prison, but Karl is going to come out. And Karl is lethal."

Gives the strong likelihood of Ganuche's eventual release, that prospect is clearly unsettling. For those outside the minor-view focus that currently orbits Jason Ganuche, it is also a powerful reason to hope that the lawgiver, now drafted youth who drew the juvenile justice system into a vortex of controversy, will not only remain, but also have his private voyage into the dark. □

was last Jan. 6, around supporters and the ground in Whitehead, N.S., was a solid sheet of ice. The 13-year-old boy left his house and walked down a short sidewalk past, across the driveway and through the woods to the comfortable cedar house where the Jarvis family live. He rang the door bell, then led to some nearby bushes and waited. When John Jarvis, 43, opened the door, the boy shouldered the pump-action shotgun and blew off the businessman's face. Two seconds later, Rita Jarvis, 41, was on the telephone in the bedrooms when she heard the bang. The last thing she remembered was walking into the kitchen, seeing her husband's body on the floor and looking towards the doorway. The next day, Karl destroyed the telephone land set the bell, struck the left side of her face and drove her backwards into the basement. Then, the killer went home. He slept so soundly that his father had to shake him awake in the morning to tell of the carnage at their neighbor's house.

Because of the icy conditions, it took an RCMP cruiser more than 45 minutes to arrive the 35 km from Canso, the largest town in the area on the eastern tip of mainland Nova Scotia. Officers found Rita Jarvis lying in an upstairs bedroom, where she had somehow made her way from the basement—covered in blood, her ear hanging by a strand of skin and her head swollen grotesquely. Doctors later told her that the violence she was hiding about constantly ended her life by partly detaching the brain. But an RCMP spokesman was stationed outside her Halifax hospital room in case the unknown murderer returned to finish the job.

Back in Whitehead, the shootings plunged the community into panic. Then, the day before John Jarvis' funeral, the RCMP, acting on a tip, arrested a 13-year-old boy about 30 km from the Jarvis home. "What I know," recalls Wayne Elder, 45, who works at a local high school and is a good friend of the Jarvses, "I just thought there had to be some kind of mistake." The disturbed teenager then showed when he was calmly confronted by the authorities.

But the real mystery—why—remained. A rare Saturday night parking was about as odd as things get in the windswept fishing hamlet of fewer than 100 people. Whitehead, meanwhile, was a hot bed of place where one looked there doors when they left the house. Virtually everyone who knows the killer—whose identity cannot be published because he is a young offender—calls him an intelligent, quiet boy who kept nearly all his time. The RCMP found that his only contacts with the law had been over minor offenses as a teenager. And a criminalist who performed his pre-arrest assessment determined that he was reasonably normal—except for the fact that he failed to show the expected amount of remorse for his crime.

In retrospect, though, warning signs had been flashing. The youth, who usually carried a knife and was an expert shot, often skipped school to hunt and hunt. He allegedly came from a home soaked by poverty and violence, who used to work in a cannery and a fishing industry, was specifically employed. It was common knowledge that the youth also had a drinking problem, as well as an addiction to chewing tobacco, which he began using at the age of 6. In fact, as he said in a statement to the youth court in New Glasgow, N.S., the events of Jan. 6 might never have happened if his father had not refused to go out in the freezing rain to buy him more tobacco. In anger, the boy went to a back shed and loaded three shells into his 12

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Afterward, he slept so soundly that his father had to wake him to tell of the carnage

THE BOY ACROSS THE ROAD



their shotgun. But he could not explain why he walked past several houses to murder Jarvis, a popular businessman and community leader, and try to kill his wife. "I just happened. I was angry," he told the RCMP.

The question of what sort of anger could make a 13-year-old commit that sort of atrocity still haunts all those touched by the crime. The boy, who turned 14 in February, pleaded guilty to second-degree murder and attempted murder, and received the maximum sentence of 10 years under the Young Offenders Act—five years less a day. Wayne Lesar, superintendent of the Nova Scotia Youth Centre in Warrview, 100 km northwest of Halifax, where the youth is serving the first three years of his sentence, says counseling and therapy have already disrupted the notion that his father's unwillingness to buy him chewing tobacco had triggered the crime. Lesar, who refused to discuss what they have learned about the boy's motivation, will say only that his problems run much deeper than that. "Terry [Dyer], a Canso RCMP officer who worked on the case, says, "It is impossible to believe that someone could do what he did for no apparent reason."

In Whitehead, seven months after the killing, no one is sleeping easily. After all, John Jarvis' murderer could be back in the community by the spring of 1990. Even now, Lynn Jellico, a community activist and officer who lives near the youth's family, worries what he did not know as her close friend of the Jarvses. "If he returns," she says, "how long will it be before he randomly shoots someone else?"

Rita Jarvis cannot afford to wait and see. Nova Scotia police department officials have already warned her that no one can guarantee her safety once the youth is released. In fact, she said, they have actually urged her to leave Whitehead for her own protection. So Jarvis—who says she has never seen the youth's family, women who he did not know as her close friend of the Jarvses. "If he returns," she says, "how long will it be before he randomly shoots someone else?"

John Jarvis cannot afford to wait and see. Nova Scotia police department officials have already warned her that no one can guarantee her safety once the youth is released. In fact, she said, they have actually urged her to leave Whitehead for her own protection. So Jarvis—who says she has never seen the youth's family, women who he did not know as her close friend of the Jarvses. "If he returns," she says, "how long will it be before he randomly shoots someone else?"

JOHN DE MOUNTY in Whitehead

A FAMILY AFFAIR

BY PAUL KAHILA

The young killer looked like a choirboy and had no obvious problems at home

During the race of comedians in a Canadian hospital that doubles as a prison, there is a woman with posters of Rain Boninger, Iron Maiden and sports cars neatly taped to the greyness walls. The looks of Robert's quarters could be that of any teenager—a mix of adult photos over fun items on the desk. It has the ubiquitous red deer-print of teens and dad, and a color shot of five smiling parents holding baby Robert and his brother in the sun—a young middle-class family full of hope and promise. "When I got these pictures a few weeks ago," Robert says thoughtfully, "I could see the grief that they really did love me." But that smile is hollow, which so many sons and daughters take for granted, was far beyond Robert's grasp as Mother's Day of 1992. That is when he took a 13-page prescription sheet and methodically killed his 15-year-old brother, 40-year-old mother and 40-year-old father at the home they shared. Robert had just turned 14.

The hardened homicide detectives who interrogated the young teen after his arrest that tragic night were shocked and baffled. Robert, whose real name cannot be used, looked like a choirboy, with his ruffled hair, chocolate-colored eyes and fair hair parted in the middle. He could not explain precisely why he killed his parents. He just said that he felt a pressure to do so. According to doctors, the self spoken lad was not psychotic, nor did he suffer from hallucinations. There were no obvious problems at home. His parents were emotionally distant, educated professionals who rarely spoke or argued. "To all my life, I never hit my back," Robert told *Melrose's* last month, in the only media interview he has given. "It sounds strange, but I'm not a violent person."

Yet there is no question that Robert—who is detained at the maximum security hospital awaiting trial—was deeply troubled, and his troubles had a long history. One psychiatrist who explored the mystery of why the boy put his family to death says a key clue lies in the personalities of his parents, two strict and distant but intransigent. That kind of adult, psychologists say, often makes a poor parent—particularly as an intensely withdrawn child. Whether because of his own genetic makeup or his parents' disorder, Robert was not an easy child to raise or the type who would ever uncover a goodnight kiss to his mother. When his family moved when he was 13, the neighbors later recalled, his parents seemed cold. His father was more interested in fishing, flowers and wine than in his five children.

The apparent absence of love and warmth

had a profound impact on Robert, at a time when he was struggling with an acute identity crisis. Plagued by a growth disorder, the boy at the age of 6 was only the size of a three- or four-year-old. Chiropractors treated him, and nicknamed him "Tom Thumb." Specialists treated Robert with growth hormones, but the drugs had side effects. By the time he had caught up to his age group in years later, he had gained 100 pounds and small breasts. He was then in Grade 6 and enrolled at his new school. The other lads were hardly sympathetic about his deformity. They would sneer. "It's got nice ears."



During the body of Robert's brother, the crime scene looked like he could not explain exactly why he killed his parents.

Excluded, Robert easily spoke or walked. At home, he later told psychiatrists, his relationship with his parents was consistently "dead." In his small, private world, Robert felt like a freak and a wedding. He became obsessed with acquiring power. He tried weightlifting. He consumed books about Nazi atrocities, the occult and magic spells. He was deeply inspired by *Blatant* Lester, the first fictional serial killer created by novelist Thomas Harris in the books *Hill* and *Silence of the Lambs*. Robert watched the film version of the latter over and over. "*Blatant* Lester was so intelligent and in control of himself," Robert says. "He was cold and devious."

In Grade 8, Robert took up smoking and experimenting with drugs, hashish, LSD and cocaine. Robert says he wanted to show his classmates at school that he was fearless and mostly. And he knew just the way to do it. While every adolescent male seeks some form of rebellion drug, his parents, Robert says, talked quietly about killing her.

That was not a new idea. He had read about serial murder for some time. To Robert, his parents were not simply a neutral presence, they were the very source of his misery. Their death would be the solution to all his problems, he figured. He felt like he could not breathe with them around. If he eliminated them, he could realize his dreams of power.

With the new drugs he was taking in the circle of petty crime, Robert discussed ways of killing his family. He fantasized the idea of snuffing them in their sleep. Other plans involved locking them in the cellar and flooding it with methane, or pushing a bomb under the family car. He settled on shooting

them, and began asking cultured friends and acquaintances to get him a gun. It seemed like the whole neighborhood knew of Robert's intention—except his parents. Even his high school principal had heard that he wanted to kill his family, but she dismissed the talk and did nothing.

In March, 1992, Robert underwent cosmetic surgery to reduce the size of his breasts. The reason seemed to be his desire to rid himself of his parents, particularly when they grounded him after a complaint from school involving drugs. A short time later, on May 6, a week one time, Robert got a shotgun and ammunition from a friend. He told his dad, gathered in the back porch, that that was the night—and his father on his side with the dark barrel of the gun protruding from a garage bay.

"When I loaded those, my parents were nowhere, so I hid at the side of the house for one or two hours," Robert recalls, as he shifts about nervously in his hospital seat. "At first, I was in a panic. I thought, 'What are people going to say? I'm going to the killing.' After a little while, I remember my mind went blank, blacked out. So I shut out the ground."

Realizing that the gunshot would alert neighbors, Robert ran into the house upstairs, he found his brother reading a book. The shotgun's magazine held five 4 shells, much containing 2,000 lead pellets. Robert brought the barrel to within inches of his brother's mouth, fired and stepped a fresh shell into the chamber. He next shot himself in the bottom of the stairs, poised to snuff his parents. He heard the car. His mother entered the house last. He went into her right eye—and pumped the gun. Then was blood everywhere.

The teenager calmly stopped over his mother's body and faced his father, who was in the driveway, screaming. "What happened?" the father shrieked. "What are you doing?" Without answering, Robert delivered two blasts. His father crumpled on the asphalt, fatally wounded. Robert ran. He was a teen-ager and came, still thinking the gun, when he stopped. He felt relieved, he later recalled, almost euphoric. He felt like he had a new life. "I thought I was going to be the world's biggest criminal," says Robert.

Instead, he was soon in handcuffs. Neighbors had spotted him, and the police arrived at a apartment near the corner's fifth block. They seized the shotgun in his father's car. "You think I did it? What will you see my parents?"

It was several months before Robert left any remorse, he says. It came slowly, after he agreed to psychotherapy at the young offender center, where he has lived since the triple slaying. "I've cried a lot," says Robert, who speaks eloquently. "After four months, I began to accept that I had a sadness. I think I'm getting better, but I'm not completely out yet. I can see now that my emotions at the time were too much for me. I was unable of reality."

Under Canadian law, a hearing is held for every teenager charged with murder to decide whether the accused should be tried as a young offender or in an adult court, where sentences are longer and served in a penitentiary. Robert's case was transferred to adult court. And in an interview with *Melrose's*, the psychiatrist, who said he had not seen Robert since the crime decision. But that opinion brought angry rebukes from several of the doctor's colleagues who argued that Robert should have remained in the youth system because he was such a young teenager. If that had happened, however, Robert would likely have been in a psychiatric hospital for a minimum period of closed custody for a young offender convicted of murder. The psychiatricians noted that such a brief sentence would not allow him enough time to treat Robert properly.

Robert, now 16, faces three counts of first degree murder and a possible life sentence. He is usually held in a psychiatric hospital where he is treated by a psychiatrist who has been hired by *Melrose's*—will reason mean that he be found not guilty by reason of temporary insanity. "He was kind of an arrogant, worthless and completely dependent on his parents," says the psychiatrist, but he is usually held in a psychiatric hospital where he is treated by a psychiatrist who has been hired by *Melrose's*—will reason mean that he be found not guilty by reason of temporary insanity. "He was kind of an arrogant, worthless and completely dependent on his parents," says the psychiatrist, but he is usually held in a psychiatric hospital where he is treated by a psychiatrist who has been hired by *Melrose's*—will reason mean that he be found not guilty by reason of temporary insanity.

According to his doctor, Robert suffered from a "proactive developmental disorder" with elements of paranoia. Robert has his own idea about what would constitute an appropriate punishment. "I don't think it's possible," he says, "that if a judge would give me the death penalty, I would accept that. I can't die three times, but I will never have a normal life. What would I tell a girl who would want to marry me?" By the way, I had my parents five years ago. Robert will go to trial later this year. C



HEF AT HOME

The suavest bachelor turns family man

It's party time at the Playboy Mansion. And this one, to celebrate the launch of *The Playboy Book*, a pictorial history commemorating the magazine's 40th anniversary, is shaping up to be a doozy. The first, casual sophisticated Hugh Hefner, makes his entrance early, greeting many of the 300 people gathered by the pool, where patrician-maid Playmates have been known to frolic. The house flows freely, as does the conversation, but something is odd. Where are the barstools—the fishnet, the coss, the demure pulch? A few Playmates are making the rounds but they are wearing cocktail dresses—and one is even accompanied by her middle-aged mother. Another drink? Too late: the bar closes at 9:30 p.m. And by 10:30, most of the guests are heading off into the Los Angeles evening. This must be an aberration. Where do the legendary all-nighters take place? Is there a Playboy staffer "they don't"? Times have changed. From the parties



The first issue, the *Playboy* (top). To see children's toys in the heart of the *Playboy* Mansion is unusual.

room of Hefnerites, legitimizing the sexual revolution—for men, at least—with an ideology of personal and economic freedom. And left, an early *Playboy* under heavy, with the bachelor of bachelors, hedonists, naive and attractive. But now, from his 37-room estate

in the long Los Angeles suburb of Bel Air, the 45-year-old Hefner has adopted an image more in tune with the We Decade of the 1980s. As of last month, he and his 35-year-old second wife, Vancouver-raised Kimberley Conrad Heffer, had been married for five years. And they have two sons, Newton, 4, and Cooper, 2. "This relationship has made my September years the best time of my life," he says. "It couldn't be sweeter." Well, maybe. In a separate interview, Kimberley Heffer lets us that living with the *Playboy* son has taken some adjustment. "He's had a lot of control over me," she says. "But I've been up my own butt since that."

Signs of Hefner's domestication are scattered throughout the Mansion's 37-room grounds. The tennis court on the west side is jammed with trophies. Big wheels and little wheels, while in the north is a children's area where Newton and Cooper entertain neighborhood kids once a week. And on the serpentine driveway leading up to the Mansion, a traffic sign warns: "Children at play."

Setting in his broad-panelled library for an interview with *Marian*, Heffer still wears his trademark pipe with glasses and smoking jacket. But the pipe is gone, a casualty of his 1985 stroke, and his can-do-day Pepsi habit is now a can-a-day Diet Pepsi habit. "St. Scott Fitzgerald said there are no second acts in American lives," says Heffer. "We managed to have a third act, and it has turned out to be the most fulfilling of all."

How he got there is intimately entwined with the history of *Playboy*. In 1953, Hefner, then a circulation manager with Children's Digest magazine in Chicago, spent \$800 of his own money and \$10,000 more that he raised by selling stories to friends, on the first issue of *Playboy*, featuring a cover photo of Marilyn Monroe. It hit newsstands in December, selling 11,000 copies. With its bluish pictures, high-tone fiction—and nude pictures—*Playboy* by 1962 had a U.S. circulation of one million. By the end of the 1960s, Heffer's *Playboy* Enterprises Inc. had grown into a worldwide empire of cameras, cashbooks and movie productions. And with a circulation of more than 6 million, it was the second most popular American magazine next to *TV Guide*.

But the 1980s, and an increasingly repressed market in erotica, hit *Playboy* hard. Even *Post* magazine, which had long been more explicit than *Playboy*, seemed averse to competition in the new paradigm of generalized publications from porn videos. Circulation steadily declined, from 8 million in 1985, where it remains today. *Playboy* owners in London and Atlantic City failed. And the 1980 murder of

Vancouver-born Playmate Dorothy Stratten by her estranged husband took the sheen off *Playboy*'s kind of erotic romanticism. Those setbacks took their toll on Hefner—and his health. "The 1980s were a very turbulent time for me and for *Playboy*," he says. "And I do think that the stroke was a stroke of luck. It changed my priorities drastically."

In 1983, he relinquished his position as chairman of *Playboy Enterprises* to his daughter Christie, one of two children from his previous marriage to high-school sweetheart Mille Williams, which ended in divorce in 1959. Christie Heffer, 41, took over the business operations—her father still is editor in chief of the magazine. Last year, the company reported in the red, reporting a loss of \$25 million. Then, after decades of lawsuits with a string of *Playboy* models including Canadian Sherry Twinn and Carrie Leigh, he married Kimberley Conrad, the 1980 Playmate of the Year. She was born in Alabama, but raised in Vancouver since the age of 15. "There just was something going on in the Great White North," Heffer says of his strong preference for Canadian women. "With Kimberley," he adds, "I realized very quickly that I had found something better than what had come before, and very clearly something better than what would be lying over the hill."

Heffer concedes that marriage and children jobs with the *Playboy* philosophy. "It makes sense out of it," he says. "We managed to romanticize marriage and children. To see children's toys in the hall of the *Playboy* Mansion is unusual."

Later in the day, Kimberley Heffer sits outside, watching her children play in the water. Dressed in tank top and shorts, and slipping sandals, she looks like a young woman. "I don't do anything," she says, laughing. "It's 30."

But like at the *Playboy* Mansion, she acknowledges, can be for long in a fashion. "People really watch," she explains. "When we're going through our doorsteps—like all morning, go through our door and down the street, we're going through a door for the first time—people had a tendency to treat me differently. And it's everybody from still to some people who I thought were good friends." Last winter, she took the children to Colorado for a ski vacation—the first time, she says, she was with her husband. "But his eyes, though," she adds. "I go everywhere with a security guard, as they keep an eye on me."

Across the yard, perched on their table in the bright sunshine, and from a corner of the grounds covers the making cry of a parent, one of 18 on the estate. A great conversation in *Playboy* on the *Playboy* Mansion is a pretty rare site. "Took," she replies without much enthusiasm. "It's nice."

JOE CHIRBAK is in Hollywood.

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A MARRIAGE MADE IN SECRECY

The most popular people seem to have the smallest weddings. When Lisa Marie Presley, 36, the only child of Elvis Presley, secretly tied the knot with pop star Michael Jackson, 33, last May in the Dominican Republic, only the couple, the local judge who married them, and two witnesses were present. Bride and groom both had access to great party venues—Presley at Greentree, her father's legendary digs in Memphis, Tenn.; Jackson at Newland, his estate north of Los Angeles. They also could have sprung for a few drinks. Presley is estimated to be worth more than \$130 million, Jackson's fortune is at least double that. So why the low-key nuptials? "We're very private people living in the glare of the public media," Presley said in a pre-



Together at Disney World, Jackson (left), Presley (below, right) "very private people"

pared statement last week. "We both wanted a private marriage ceremony without the distraction of a media circus." As the newspapers took shelter in New York City's Trump Tower, many observers questioned their motives, speculating that Jackson is trying to salvage a reputation tainted by allegations of child abuse made against him last year. Others, however, are prepared to believe the reclusive Presley. "I am very much in love with Michael," she said. "I dedicate my life to being his wife." With the intense media attention that has plagued the couple, her task could be a daunting one.



Zakewich: a vocal activist against society's fat-phobia

FAT AND UNASHAMED

Rich Zakewich describes himself as fat. "I don't think it's a negative word," says the five-foot, 11-inch Winnipegger, who weighs 600 lb. How he came to that conclusion is the subject of the recently released documentary *Pat Cannon: By name, harrower and hero*. The movie traces Zakewich's struggle for self-acceptance in a fat-phobic society. When *Sliding* began three years ago, "the idea was I was going to lose weight," says 35-year-old Zakewich, a child and family counselor. "I still believed at that

time that I just hadn't gotten it yet—I hadn't found the right exercise program, or I wasn't able to master the willpower." But then, Zakewich became involved with the so-called Fat Movement, led by such organizations as the U.S.-based National Association to Advance Fat Acceptance. He gave up dieting. And since then, he has become a vocal activist against fat-bashing and fat stereotypes—and has enjoyed an unexpected side-effect. "Since I've stopped dieting, I've started to lose some weight," he says. "Go and figure that out."



MYSTICAL ORIGINS

Actress, author and New Age guru Shirley MacLaine has traveled true to her roots. Although she has written seven best-selling books and has appeared in more than 40 movies, including the 1983 Oscar-winner *Terms of Endearment*, the native of Richmond, Va., still indulges her first love: song and dance. Last week in Victoria, MacLaine launched a western Canadian tour of her *Singing and Dancing Musical Revue*, which this month also travels to Vancouver, Calgary and Winnipeg. "It's all my original beginnings were I started on the stage," she says. "It's still that I've compiled from all these pictures that I did that went to Broadway to become musicals, but I wasn't a 'I don't have, at 60, does she continue: to look up a little? 'When you're a dramatic, the energy comes from an inner calmness,' says MacLaine, pointing out that her quest for self-acceptance had an interesting twist. "It was my Canadian past," she explains. "My mother is Canadian, born in Nova Scotia. I spent a lot of time in Canada when I was young. I think my mystical leanings probably come from Nova Scotia." No doubt.

MacLaine: 'The energy comes from inner calmness'

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The surfer poet

Even champions have their limits. For Lesley Choyce, Canada's reigning surfing king, the limit is 20°C. On any other day, sooner or later, Choyce turns early and, if surf's up, tosses a board into his car before heading for Lanesborough Beach, just a few kilometers from his 204-year-old farmhouse on Nova Scotia's rugged eastern shore. A preternaturally young-looking 42, Choyce—surfer, writer, poet, and publisher—remains an old timer in a sport dominated by youngsters. His surfer's spirit, though, seems ageless. "When a wave presents itself, you try something, and if it doesn't work you get frustrated," he explains. "But you just float to the surface and try it again." A realist, no doubt, for surfing greatness, but also the perfect metaphor for his buoyant attitude towards life and art. On the surfboard, or at the keyboard, Choyce remains as refreshing and unpredictable as those Atlantic waves he's so fond of riding.

Back in his crowded office on the second floor of his house, Choyce sits amidst coffee and records that inspire his life and fills his days. This fall, his 26th book, a Dunlap novel called *The Republic of Nothing*, will be published by a Fredericton literary press. Then there is Potemkin Press, the Portland company that he runs out of a back room, and that will bring out writer W. P. Kinsella's new book of poetry that September. Choyce,

whipped this and vintage surfboard faded jeans and a T-shirt on this day, also teaches English literature at Dalhousie University in Halifax, 30 km away, and hosts his own literary program on cable TV that is broadcast across the Maritimes.

But the author and writer also likes to stretch himself: each year he visits some 300 public school classrooms, where he plays his

'The key for me is trying to stay on the edge of popular culture'

electric guitar and extorts students with a combination of improvisation, pop hits and performance art. Last week, in a wordless, he starred in the second music video created around his poetry. "I guess I set out to find a way to avoid a regular career," he explains. "I didn't want to do anything halfway. I wanted to do a number of things—and I wanted to do it my way."

Choyce, of course, that named itself in his native Gloucestershire, N.J., or in New York City, where he completed his Masters degree in English at the City University of New York. The tough, dramatic, eastern shore of Nova Scotia, on the other hand, seemed to offer just the sort of simple, elemental life he and his wife, Terry, also New Jersey-born, were after. Besides, there were those great waves, which Choyce first saw on a road trip with friends when he was 18. So, in July, 1976, the couple paid \$75,000 for the old farmhouse where they still live. Choyce, who had already worked as a farmer, painter, rehabilitation counselor and

Choyce in Cool Harbour, N.S.: a writer with a buoyant attitude to life and art

venery lecturer and well-oiled, settled down and started to write.

His body of work defies categorization—Choyce's books span science fiction, fantasy and young-adult novels, collections of poetry and autobiographical mini-essays. He is good as well as fast. Choyce won a bursary for the Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Award in 1985 and 1982, and in 1987 was short-listed for the Stephen Leacock Medal for Humour. His 1989 novel, *The Second Season of Jonas MacPherson*, the fictional career of a curmudgeonly Nova Scotia fisherman, also received favorable reviews. And last year one critic for *The Ottawa Citizen* went so far as to compare Choyce to Mark Twain and label him "a national treasure."

In his upcoming novel, being released in September by Goose Lane Editions—he does not publish his own work or pen-name—Choyce narrates some twisted tales of horror. Based on a real, but little-known, historical incident—an explorer's attempt to discover Whitehouse Island, a small island at the coast of Nova Scotia, independent from the rest of Canada—*The Republic of Nothing* is a big, sprawling novel that touches on everything from the Vietnam War and the peace movement of the 1960s to Nova Scotia politics. In real life, Choyce tends to be interested in the same subjects that he writes about—the environment, nature, politics, metaphysics, rock music, and, of course, surfing. Last year, thanks mainly to a manuscript known as the Flamingo, he became the Canada's National Surfing Champion on his home Lanesborough Beach—a crown he defends on the same site in September.

In truth, the demands on Choyce's life—and his wife have two daughters, ages 14 and eight—leave him writing time. Even in summer, the most he can muster is three hours a day at the computer keyboard. In the fall, teaching occupies much of Choyce's time; in winter, the publisher house his full swing. And, of course, things like music videos—his first one was shown regularly on the Music Master channel—tend to get in the way.

But the ultimate surfer-poet, who calls himself "one of the 50 happiest people in the world," is anything but stressed-out. On the contrary, he has more fun never the challenge, the more ungrudging it becomes. Ultimately, Choyce hopes to adapt more of his work for film and television. But the man who fled the big city 15 years ago has no attraction of Hollywood. "The key for me is to try to stay on the edge of popular culture without going to the middle," says Choyce. Besides, he insists, many or artistic reputation are not what he is seeking. "The whole idea for me is to make up my life as I go along," he says. "It's to keep something mystical."

Choyce, it seems, has his eyes forever peeled for that new star on the horizon.

JOHN DeMONT in Lunenburg, N.S.



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Women who write too much

Erica Jong's memoir reveals only insecurity

FEAR OF FIFTY: A MIDLIFE MEMOIR
By Erica Jong
(HarperCollins, 320 pages, \$29.95)

Sometimes, a writer's desire for recognition is so powerful that it can overwhelm even true talent and ability, trapping them in shock rather than reveal Others endlessly recycle once successful formulas now gone stale. In her latest book, *Fear of Fifty*, American writer Erica Jong has taken prey to these sins and more. Subtitled *A Midlife Memoir*, the book purports to



Jong: 'daring to be sexual, excessive'

trace the inner workings of Jong's life, from her upbringing in an extended Jewish family on Manhattan's Upper West Side to sudden fame at the age of 35—where she published the sexually explosive *Fear of Flying*—on

through four marriages, motherhood and a seemingly endless string of lovers. But with the exception of a few minor passages, mostly in connection with her only child, Molly, the book is an emotional and intellectual mess. Full of heavy-handed attempts to bolster her reputation, it succeeds only in revealing a woman deeply unsure of herself as a writer and a person.

When *Fear of Flying* was published in 1973, it was instantly embraced by women—and even some men—looking for answers in the midst of a sexual revolution. Fresh and scandalous, it was one of the first mainstream novels to talk frankly about women's sexual responses and fantasies. It went on to sell 12 million copies in 17 languages.

Unfortunately, Jong, 50, still seems to be riding on her 20-year-old laurels. Although she is a prolific author—she has written six novels and eight volumes of poetry and non-fiction since 1973—the reviews over the years have been mixed. In her new book, she feverishly deniers the criticism and lays the blame on gender politics. In Jong's bleak and vile, either she is attacked because she is a woman who writes candidly about sex, or she is attacked by other women simply because she is female and successful. She asks if her "erotic" could be "daring to be confident, sexual, funny, openhearted, excessive?" Not so. Her crime, at least in this case, lies in writing a book that claims to provide insights into female sexuality, then

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BOOKS

views and critics—and offering none. It is not for lack of trying. By her own account, Jong has strived to please from an early age. But it was not always easy to satisfy her ambitions. At 16 years, parents she writes bitterly that her mother and two sisters "had long wanted me for my success" and that her musician and businessman father constantly pushed her to live out his frustrated dream. "You'll just have to lose me whether or not I fit in on the best seller shelf," she wrote at 16 in a letter after one of her books receives a poor reception. Great success, perhaps it is not surprising that in *Fear of Pity*, Jong dwells insistently on the lives she has achieved, her unquenchable appetite for social partners, and her friendships among the rich and famous, including thriller writer Ken Follet and TV star Jean Colton.

What is less comprehensible is the author's lack of attention to technique. For someone with degrees in literature from Harvard College and Columbia University in New York City and several books of accomplished poetry to her name, Jong displays an astonishing lack of structure and style in *Fear of Pity*. She borrows from one unexpected declaration to another, weaving all too often like a tapestry cast at a pretentious dinner party. The suspense—"the latest hard-boiled and soft women"—alternates with the ridiculous ("In the past, pregnancy was an irreversible condition. Or was perceived as such—no AIDS is today"). She also displays a stunning lack of empathy. Describing growing friends after an untimely death, she calls it "our big Macdonald's moment." And she wastes pages on finding a male life partner. "If you are genuinely lively, it's not difficult to meet men."

For a woman winning a mid-life memoir, Jong seems odd to obsess, especially in her relationships with women. "I have had to train myself to pay as much attention to women as I pay to men," she says, adding that she has also forced herself not to denigrate other women's creative efforts.

There is no doubt, however, that Jong is genuinely committed to two areas, her work and her daughter. And if the first has fallen short of her childhood ambitions, 15-year-old Molly appears to be a refreshing clear-eyed antidote to her mother's self-absorption. Near the end of the book, Jong describes her painful struggles with an elderly sister suffering from Alzheimer's disease. As she founders, Molly takes on the obligation that is rightfully her mother's: she tells the old woman the difficult truth that it is time for the aged to be appropriate place for her and that her beloved partner, created during a happier time, will be preserved. It only takes enough to far from her only achievement could be stuck at her own past achievements and admit that it is better to be silent when there is nothing new to say.

PATRICIA CHISHOLM

THEATRE

A touch of Chekhov

J. B. Priestley's domestic drama evokes loss

Some authors are lucky: they get a second life. A case in point is J. B. Priestley, the British playwright and novelist who had fallen out of fashion long before his death in 1984 at the age of 89. A play he wrote in 1936, *An Inspector Calls*, is currently drawing large audiences to an ingeniously staged National Theatre production showing simultaneously in London and New York. Many reviewers have praised the National for daring to revive Priestley—but much of the credit should go to Canada's Shaw Festival at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., which in the past few years has staged four Priestley plays, including *Inspector* in 1989. The festival's latest Priestley endeavor is a touching production of *Eden* Road, a drama of family tensions set in the Yorkshire town of Thirsk in 1934.

The play is attracting large houses—of about 80 per cent capacity. Its success is part of a strong season for the festival which, after a \$280,000 deficit last year, is already eight per cent ahead of its 1994 box office target. To artistic director Christopher Newby, it comes as no surprise that Priestley is enjoying a theatrical comeback. "It's a common-sense playwright of feeling, of remembered images," says Newby, comparing Priestley to the great Russian writer Chekhov. "He touches people by evoking an indelible sense of loss."

Priestley was something of a writing machine. He churned out 30 plays, 38 novels and a great deal else—verse, memoirs, history, criticism—as a career that lasted over half a century. He was a writer of talent rather than genius, but while he never produced a masterpiece, much of his work for the stage is supremely well crafted. In the wrong hands, his domestic dramas can become also-ran comfortable period pieces, but director Susan Cox has lost *Eden* Road an emotional honesty and clarity of motive that gives it punch.

Eden Road takes place in 1912, in the comfortable rural home of Sir Kirby (Tony Blair in drag). The driving story winds knots into a maze, where the slightest hint subtly reflects the play's mood. Kirby's wife is dead, but his unmarried daughter, Lilian (Sherry



Simple and yet very British in Lilian Blair (Sherry Blair) and her father Sir Kirby (Tony Blair in drag). A touching domestic drama of feeling, of remembered images.



Piell), and their housekeeper, Sarah (Sherry Blair in drag), look after him with a proprietary tenderness. It seems to be a good, mid-class household, yet it hides a secret grief. The audience learns that Kirby has another daughter, Sheila (Kathleen Smith), who became right young ago to become an actress. When she appears, the play's mood shifts and the audience's attention is drawn to the past and questions surrounding her original departure resurface.

Had it been concocted by a contemporary playwright, such a situation might have descended into squalid bitterness: the Kirby family self-destructing amid mutual recriminations. But when Priestley weaves into the dark corners of their life together, he also conveys the decency and hard-won contentment on which the Kirby household is founded. This creates a notion of civilized values—an indefinable but palpable sense of loss that pervades the play. The cost serves that vision wonderfully, because it lifts those little moments of affection and playfulness on which so much depends.

The warm centre of the household is Sir's wife Lilian. Lilian's spirit has languished in the company of her father, who has never let her father, Sarah still lingers in her dark-to-earth goodness everywhere. The old woman's acuity, warmth, fumes and prisms at it as an expression of self-love. Sarah is one of the finest creations of Priestley's last, outstanding career at Shaw. When she tells the just arrived Sir, "I prayed to be spared to see you come home," the line is not only credible, it becomes a moving reminder of her's humanity.

The other two women in the play also perform superbly. Smith's arrival this year from the Stratford Festival is a major gain for Shaw. She is able to convey the emotional life of her characters with a maturity and subtlety that sets her apart from ordinary and luminous. When Lilian tells of the first deep joy at her homecoming—the smell of autumn on the moors—Smith makes the simple lines fresh and somehow thrilling. Meanwhile, in a less sympathetic role, Priest gives Lilian a moment of drama. Lilian's husband and an anti-socialist help her character hold her own against Sir's more obvious charms.

Among the male roles, too, Blair's Sir Kirby is the most thoroughly convincing. He carries an air of modest decency, salted with cosmopolitan insights into the world's shortcomings. But the other actors, including Peter Macleod (as Kirby's son, Will), Anthony Bell (as Geoffrey Farnest, Sir's old lover) and Alan Gray (as her estranged husband, Charles Appleby) are less successful. Gray's and Macleod's English accents give a strong life to their parts—though the actors still sound a wonderfully strong Irish voice. And both Gray's and Macleod's characters seem too slight to make Sir's love for them credible. Yet if Sir's love is in part perfect, it comes close enough—and justifies the festival's continuing leaps into the old, unlit landscape of J. B. Priestley.

JOHN EDMONDSON



A legend in his own mind

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

The man in Spain stays mainly on the plain. The dilemma in Canada resides mainly in the brain of Jacques Parizeau. He has become a victim of his own propaganda. He actually believes it, a man talking around in a vacuum of his own creation.

Canadian outside of Quebec are resigned to the inevitability of this election, the polls showing that the Parti Québécois will sweep. There is a surface, of course, among The Rest of Canada (TRC), but no great attraction apart—that being devoted to fish, dock, golf course and beer.

In brief, the politicians remain a muddle, a stubborn conviction that anyone who wants to break up a country is going to face his going-out dressed of That is the self-delusion Parizeau has yet to realize.

Jacques Parizeau is a delightful man to know. Highly educated with an Oxford second and a vocabulary that would put most Canadians to shame, he has the courtesy of an erudite—an erudite once being defined as someone who is good at numbers but doesn't have the personality to be an accountant.

Some think of him as looking like the villain in a French movie, the drooping mouth, the leering-lidded eyes, the sinister speech. A shrewd letter to the editor gets it more right—with his ample girth and ponderous manner he is Jackie Gleason, dancing himself in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. He is a joy to watch, almost as entertaining as the man he will never match, René Lévesque—never almost a tank in his province.

Jacques Parizeau's only sin is that he is an economist masquerading as a politician. Because he thinks the numbers work—that Quebec has the resources, the assets to be a new Sweden—it can successfully become so.

Because he was a civil servant before marketing into politics, he thinks only financial logic matters. He doesn't know passion, he doesn't know patriotism, he doesn't know love—all of it that comes from the TRC he doesn't understand.



The numbers man trying to become a politician has revealed that his sudden conversion to breaking up the country came while he was taking a train trip from Montreal to Calgary preparing a paper, on Quebec, to deliver at a conference.

He left Montreal an infatigable, he confessed, and by the time he got to Saskatchewan he was a separatist.

There is only one small problem. It is apparent, from his actions and postures—much since, that he does not understand either Saskatchewan or Calgary. He does not comprehend that—if he wins the election and then a referendum—he will be dealing not only with dispirited deputy ministers in Ottawa and disgruntled Quebec natives such as Jean Charest and André Gauthier.

If Quebec ever comes to the point of separation (and we doubt it), its negotiation is to the towns will not be done solely with Ot-

tawa, Canada, for good or evil, probably the most dysfunctional country in the world. Its provinces have powers that the American states never contemplate attaining.

Parizeau's fantasy of beginning negotiations with federal officials in Ottawa immediately after his projected election win on Sept. 13 is contradicted even by his deputy minister Lucien Boivin. The federal request, as opposed to the provincial breakdown, is lower quite logically first so negotiations can begin with Quebec holds—and wins—an of fiscal referendum applying to the United Nations for a seat along with Chad, Rwanda and Gambia.

This extreme debate between two ships headed for the same goal, naturally, excludes those who have an equal say in the matter. Those would be the nine other provinces, who in their own quiet way are determined to have an say in the water, no matter the obnoxious silence of Ottawa as far as the debate.

If Quebec ever were to separate (which we doubt), the terms would be decided not by Quebec and Ottawa. They would be determined by nine other provinces along with Quebec and Ottawa.

Are they going to save the St. Lawrence Seaway at all? What are they going to do with all those pipelines of federal assets? Certainly working in their towns across the river in the U.S.? Does Parizeau the economist, writing on independent country, actually think he can use the Canadian dollar as his currency, as he claims? He really thinks Bay Street would have its views on this matter?

Parizeau is a delightful figure, but a figure on the stage, the lurking threat of winning his job as the positive first president of the Republic of Quebec. Rather the Prince of Wales in Mexico. If the PQ wins the election as expected—thereby almost contradicting Boivin's role in Ottawa—it will be strange watching their dual struggle for the soul of the TRC separate in their province. That war—not hopeless, but roughly, sadly and most of all desperately—for its own place if it becomes necessary. It is that there are 10 provinces and that the one crucial decision to the other nine the terms of possible separation. Alberta will have its say as well, as its own way Newfoundland.

Jacques Parizeau is operating in a delusion. As most longtime bureaucrats do. As economists do. If he wins as probable his election, he is going to have to contend with real people. They are called Canadians. Our only wish is good luck.



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